Sign our Free War Insurance Coupon on page iii of Cov.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XX. No. 529. SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1916. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

723834

For meaning of this number see page 14.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

A Healthy, Happy BABY!

is what you want YOUR child to be. Let him have the best chance. Put him on

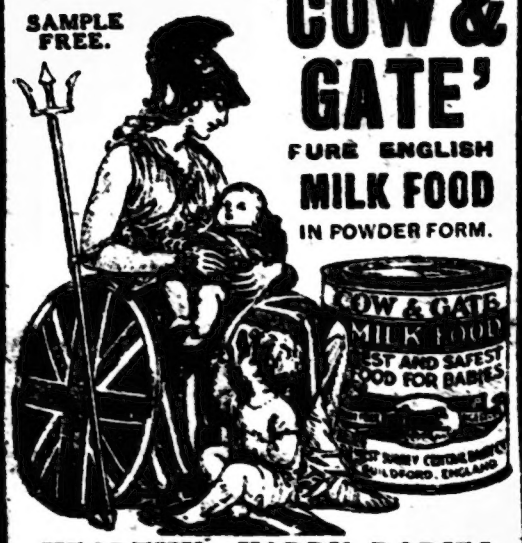
SAMPLE FREE.

'COW & GATE'

PURE ENGLISH

MILK FOOD

IN POWDER FORM.



HEALTHY, HAPPY BABIES THE EMPIRE'S NEED.

TRY THIS PURE MILK FOOD NOW.

Initiate, promote, and maintain the health and vigour of YOUR Baby by using the famous 'Cow and Gate' Pure English Milk Food in powder form. Purity, ease of digestion, and highest nutritive value make this food

The perfect substitute for Mother's Milk. Saves the lives of delicate Infants.

Makes them strong and vigorous. If taken by the mother herself, invaluable to increase and maintain the maternal supply. Recommended by the Medical Profession.

BOON TO MOTHERS. 'BABIES LOVE IT.'

If YOUR Baby is not thriving procure a tin of the Safe Food To-day. Blue label for infants from birth to 6 months, **10d., 1s, 4s.** Pink label for infants from 6 months, **1s., 1s 11, 8s 7.** Sold by all Good Chemists and Stores.

FREE SAMPLE

On receipt of Two Penny Stamps from Sole Manufacturers—

THE WEST SURREY CENTRAL DAIRY Co., Ltd. (Dept 12, GUILDFORD, Surrey.

H.D. & Co.

QUICK MARCH!

Watch how briskly the little folk step out at sight of Bird's Custard. Think how delicious and full of nutriment it is! Then realise that "food really enjoyed does most good," and you understand why children thrive so well on Bird's Custard. Don't forget it saves the meat bill.

Remember also that stewed fresh fruit served with Bird's, the nutritious Custard, means good health, good living and war time economy.

Bird's Custard

"First in favor, and in flavor."

C2408

THE

"SIMPLIS"

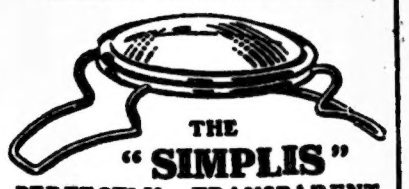
WRIST WATCH

PROTECTOR

makes your wrist watch break-proof — guards your watch against any possible injury.

No More Broken Glasses.

PROTECTOR ON WATCH —ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE.



THE

"SIMPLIS"

PERFECTLY TRANSPARENT AND UNBREAKABLE.

The acme of neatness and utility. No covers, springs, or bars to break. Made in all sizes to fit all wrist watches.

Sold by Jewellers, Cutlers, etc. If unable to obtain send P.O. for . . . **1/-** and piece of cardboard same size as the top of your watch to

D. BENSSON,

85, Regent St., London, W.

TO BADGE COLLECTORS.

We can supply for a short time only:—

25 Colonial Badges, all different, for £1

50 " " " " £2

Terms Cash with Order.

Any Colonial Badge made to sample in a few days. Miniatures of most Colonial regiments in stock. Write stating your requirements to:—**THE EMPIRE BADGE CO., Empire Buildings, Gt. Charles St., BIRMINGHAM.**

KILL THAT INSECT, TOMMY.

Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of

HARRISON'S NURSERY POMADE

—they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of comfort," at 4½d. and 9d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.

How to Look "Well Groomed."

SUBSCRIBE for our weekly or fortnightly service (Prospectus post free) or let us fetch and treat one suit for 3s. 9d. (plus war increase, 10%). We remove spots and stains, rejuvenate the cloth by our dry-steam pressure process, *blowing the dirt out*, and return spick and span, pressed by First Class West-end Tailors.

"John Bull" guarantees you satisfaction or No charge

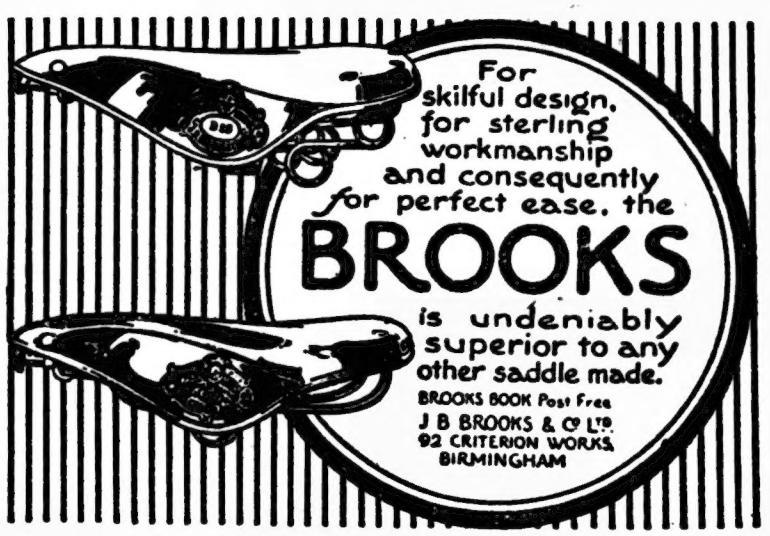
BRITISH Tailoring & Repairing Co

34 to 40 Great College Street London. N.W.

TELEPHONE: NORTH 2682 & 2683.

Replacements, relinings, &c., if desired. Estimate free.

We collect and deliver FREE 10 miles from Charing Cross. Beyond, rail or post clothes to us. We pay carriage one way.


For skilful design, for sterling workmanship and consequently for perfect ease, the
BROOKS
is undeniably superior to any other saddle made.
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92 CRITERION WORKS
BIRMINGHAM

JOHN BULL Advertisement Guarantee is on page 17.

JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XX. No. 529. Week ending Saturday, July 22nd, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

In the Melting Pot.

Look out for a new Unionist Party, and a new "leader."

Ireland.

All is *not* well with Ireland. And that Bill will take a lot of passing. Poor Erin!

A Military Scandal.

Read the article on page 8 of this issue—and compel your M.P. to follow the matter up.

Scandalous!

A flag day in Edinburgh for old age pensioners! Is *that* what our soldiers have to look forward to?

Birrell and Bristol.

After the trouncing of the Hardinge Commission, Birrell must resign his seat. That is the least his constituency has the right to demand.

Sub-judice?

That Casement Petition must be stopped and the names of its authors exposed. Do they know anything of that bestial diary kept by the man? Perverts and rebels should suffer a like fate.

Let us have Them.

We refer to the Dardanelles papers. *When are we to have them?* Why this delay? Even Winston asks for them. Come, Mr. Asquith—what is the mystery? Can it be that their publication will mean the Order of the Boot for the lot of you?

A Kitchener Item.

This from a Blackpool reader: "A few weeks ago a friend of mine in London was on Paddington Station and saw the late Lord Kitchener, who was just leaving the bookstall, buying three copies of JOHN BULL."

At Last!

We are glad to see that the inactivity of the Government in regard to a Kitchener memorial worthy of the memory of our lost soldier is to be remedied by the intervention of the Lord Mayor. Good luck to him! But we shall watch details of the scheme with interest.

"No Time."

The Prime Minister says that to kick Cumberland out of the House of Lords would necessitate a special Act of Parliament. But he readily finds time for an Act to relieve his colleagues from penalties for illegally sitting and voting in the House of Commons. See?

Incongruous.

At a West-end restaurant the other day we observed two badly wounded officers lunching together—one with his head in bandages and the other an eye-socket empty and strapped over. They were drinking German wine!

Heligoland.

What are you prepared to bet that when the war is over the island of Heligoland will still be found on the chart of the German Ocean? Wait till those—— Oh, *confound* the Censor!

Getting On!

Amongst the authors "laid under contribution" in connection with a recent competition at Abbey Schools, Daventry, the other day, for the best essay on "The British Empire," were, according to the *Daventry Parish Magazine*, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Kipling, and "that great writer, Horatio Bottomley"!

Missing?

What has become of that plucky Naval Airman, Commander Sampson, whose exploits against enemy aircraft at the Front we were all talking about a few months ago? Is it true that he has been packed off to a seaplane-carrying ship out in the East? It is a pity that the naval branch of the Air Service was excluded from the attention of that Inquiry Committee. Admiral Vaughan must be pleased.

More Praise from Parsons.

After our recent meeting in Winchester we received the following note from the Rev. E. G. Smith, of Crawley Rectory: "You were 'great' in the ancient capital of England, and have made many more friends in Winchester and neighbourhood. Being only human, it was a satisfaction to me, when friends showed enthusiasm after hearing you, to say 'I told you so.'" We like human parsons.

Our War (Exemption) Badges.

The Government scheme entirely leaves out of account men who, for various reasons, have been honourably exempted from service. This defect it is our intention to remedy, as will be seen from the important announcement on page 14.

A Kind Gentleman.

Mr. George Robey recently received the following letter from a Hanover Square moneylender: "War Charities.—If you should be unable to gratify your kind and generous feelings towards the above, for want of a little money, I shall be glad if you will let me know, when you will immediately be placed in possession of funds. He that giveth quickly giveth twice." We have heard of borrowing money to pay one's debts—but this is the latest!

Your duty to your family is to sign our Free War Insurance coupon on page iii of cover.

L.C.C. and "Kultur."

In our schools the London County Council are still employing German-born teachers—of *kultur*—spelt with a "k." *That* is not the way to teach the young idea how to "shoot."

The Soft Word.

From the *Daily News*, March 7th, 1913: "Not even amongst the most fiery pan-Germanists do you find a handful of men who would dream of taking a square yard of new soil from France." The writer of that soft sentence was "Ed. Bernstein, Member of the Reichstag," and he probably stuck his tongue in his cheek as he commented silently, "Not von square yard—*nein, nein!* But blenty of square miles; and of Belgium—the whole!"

An Artful Move.

Last week the papers were full of paragraphs about "Cheaper Meat," and the heart of the housewife was made to rejoice; but this was only a little dodge of the "Ring." Comparatively little meat is sold on Tuesday, the bulk of the trade being done on Friday and Saturday. So, behold the clever manœuvre: On Tuesday it was announced to all the world that meat was cheaper, the exploiters having fixed the price of beef at twopence less a stone of 8 lbs.; but on Friday, when the big market was on, they calmly raised it *eightpence* a stone! So the merry game goes on.

A Private Inquisition.

The Rector of a Midland parish seems to want a "National Register" of his own. He has issued cards, and directed the District Visitors to get them filled up by all parishioners. Should anybody kick, the Visitor is to fill up the cards. Among the things desired to be known by this most inquisitive parson, are the Names of Children and Lodgers, ages, conditions as to marriage, particulars of Baptism, Church, Confirmation, Communicants, Nonconformists, Family Prayers, and—Magazine! We hope some parishioner will name JOHN BULL for his "magazine," and ask the Rector his reason for this most presumptuous piece of impertinence.

Greedy Guardians.

Edmonton Guardians must be a pretty mean collection. From the stress of war conditions a soldier became insane, and was placed in an asylum under the Edmonton Union. The allowance to his wife ceased automatically, and she had to turn out into the world again and go into service. Then those grasping Guardians discovered that a sum of £3 6s. was due to the soldier for back pay, and they conceived a plan to seize it on account of his maintenance. Discovering where the wife was employed, they sent an official to her with a document for her signature, assigning the money to them. We are glad to say she refused to sign anything of the kind, and we hope she will, by holding out, prevent their claws from grabbing the money due to her afflicted husband, and, failing him, to herself.

British Shirkers in Russia.

A British trader in Odessa informs us that "in Russia there are numbers of British people of military age and physically capable who are shirking their responsibility as British citizens, quieting their consciences by flimsy pretexts for not responding to the country's call. When the war is over, and normal conditions again exist, it ought to be the duty of exporters and manufacturers to exact proofs of justification and not entrust their interests to the hands of those who failed their country in her need. These shirkers will shout the loudest, and be the first to benefit from the sacrifices of others, many of whom, alas! will be compelled to eke out a precarious existence." Every country has its shirkers in this war, and indeed in all wars. What a mercy for us all that that shame is shared by so few!

Cannibalism.

Perhaps we were in error when we treated with some reserve the story that certain trusted members of the German Staff have been preparing human flesh for consumption. For cannibalism, it seems, is in the blood of the nation. Our authority for the statement is not even a "neutral"; it is a German, a Prussian, who says this thing. Their own famous historian, Wilhelm Pierson, published a book in Berlin, in the year 1898. Its title is "Preussische Geschichte," and it records that "Even in the middle of the 17th century the Germans were undoubtedly cannibals, and in Silesia alone on one occasion 500 men were killed and eaten." The record is to be found in volume one of Herr Pierson's book, page 132. So, if the story told by us is true, it is merely a reversion to type.

Mislaid Motor Ambulances.

Some months back we unearthed a couple of motor ambulances, subscribed for by the citizens of Essenden, Australia, which were then lying forgotten (and had been so for six months) in a warehouse at the Victoria Docks. The Hon. Sec. of the Essenden Branch of the British Red Cross writes us that our paragraph "fell on them like a bomb," but they at once got the Head Executive of the State to cable to the High Commissioner on this side. He, in his turn, found our information to be correct; the noble gift of Essenden had been "delayed" at the Dock "owing to a mistake." However, another cable states that the two cars have now been handed over to the British Red Cross and are in daily use for carrying the sick and wounded. Essenden is good enough to express its gratitude to us, but we are glad to have been the means of retrieving those fine gift ambulances just when they proved most useful. Yet what shall we say of the idiot who "mislaid" them?

Diet and Dream.

On reading one of the picture dailies, Tommy at the Front learned that he has "either salmon, bacon and tomatoes, liver and bacon, rissoles or sausages, and bread and butter" for breakfast, and that his dinner was "roast meat, Irish stew, Turkish pillau, meat pies or brown stew, with potatoes, carrots, haricots, cabbages, peas, etc., and fig, date, jam, or currant roll, rice or bread-and-butter pudding, or stewed fruit and custard." Tea and supper were equally sumptuous—according to that halfpenny paper. Then Tommy communed thusly to himself upon the actual facts: "We get bacon every second morning, and this morning we could have covered our shares with four pennies; six men share one loaf of bread. Dinner—stew, containing bully beef; next day, roast beef with potatoes, which are seldom good. Cabbage we have never seen." Yet he does not grumble. "If we curb our appetite we get enough." But it is not a bit like that journalist's dream.

Hun Lovers.

The local Council Against Conscription now calls itself the Blackburn Peace Negotiations Committee, and it has "called upon the Government" to "formulate terms to negotiate peace." One sweet speaker "thought they could work for this peace memorial without unduly emphasising the invasion of Belgium and the atrocities committed by the Germans." They are little things, you see, that may be passed over. Another member said, "They were all brothers the world over. . . . He had no quarrel with his German brother." The love for the enemy fostered by the mob present at the I.L.P. gathering may be measured by the fact that when Mr. Hargreaves, of the N.U. of Clerks, dared to ask, "What about little Serbia and Poland?" he was almost denied a hearing. It is a strange town, Blackburn. Its Council has just decided that the wages of the street-sweepers, 18s. weekly, are quite sufficient, and must not be increased. Blackburn deserves its Snowden.

The Pen which *never* fails—the "John Bull" Pen.

"What Lancashire Says To-day . . ."

It was at St. Helen's, where the Public Prosecutor obtained a conviction for obtaining money by fraud. The offence was possible only because certain regimental books were badly kept—so, when application was made for the advocate's fee, it was disallowed, the Magistrate (Mr. Grundy) observing: "If it was out of any one person's pocket I should refuse because of the laxity on the part of the Government. It is as JOHN BULL says—we want a Business Government." Lancashire has come round full swing, evidently.

A Coal Mystery.

London needs coal, and coal is dear. Yet colliers, fully laden, lie idle at Sheerness for days and weeks on end. Nobody touches the coal, but somebody goes ashore now and then for provisions. One ship arrived over seven weeks ago; a small quantity of coal was discharged, and then they left her severely alone, she and the 2,000 tons inside her. Another boat has been there only a week so far, but it has been a week of perfect idleness, no move being made towards discharging her little lot!

Troubles of a Tugman.

He is a tugman, on a boat at Blank, on the East Coast, signed on for the duration of the War and under Naval discipline. During the second year of service the Government supplied him and his mates with uniform, consisting of a jacket and cap—but no trousers. When he goes ashore he puts on civilian attire, for decency's sake; that gets him into trouble with his officers, and people in the street ask him why he is not in khaki. Aboard, it is of course, different; he can wear his uniform, though the jacket fits where it touches and the cap touches where it fits. As regards the trousers, he explains that he and three other men walk about without them and pass off their shirt tails for kilts. The boss of the trousers department should hasten to cover up this—deficiency.

Tribunal Inequalities.

It is not easy to keep pace with the daily output of curious decisions given by Tribunals all over the country; no two bodies appear to act on similar grounds. A big mill near Bath, employing many old men, has had to close down entirely because the only remaining engineer has had to go. A young organist of Bishops Stortford has been given till the end of September, "on the ground of hardship in his professional career." Yet there are probably some thousands of gallant musicians, including organists, in the Army already—distinguished men to whom an injured finger would mean professional ruin. A widow, of Hanworth, Middlesex, has eight sons with the Colours, and now her ninth, and last, boy has been taken. Surely the country is not so short of men as all this?

The Ex-Soldier's Badge.

Alderman Fox is good enough to explain the matter of one of our "Candid Communications," so far as it related to himself. A man appeared in Court at Croydon wearing a military badge; he had served 14 months at the Front, was going back, and wore the badge to stop silly people asking silly questions. The Alderman ascertained those facts by questioning him, and then made the general remark, not applicable to the ex-soldier, that a good many people wear badges who are not entitled to do so. He did not for one moment question that man's right to wear his badge. As an old Volunteer and Territorial officer, with the rank of Major (retired) and wearing the Long Service and Territorial medals, Alderman Fox assures us "there would be no desire on his part to treat a regimental badge otherwise than with respect and admiration." We are glad to know that the stupid remarks to which we objected were not made by him.

Cotton Again.

Information reaches us that on a recent trip the *Jervaulx Abbey*, running between Hull and Rotterdam, discharged cotton at the latter port, where it was loaded into Germhun wagons. The explanation given to us is that Dutch wagons were not available for the purpose at the time. Perhaps the Minister of Blockade will inquire. Germhun wagons are suspect, to say the least.

Unguarded.

This time it is not a tunnel down Dover way, but a viaduct up in Northants, just on the border of the county, and partly over it. It is about six furlongs in length and stretches into two parishes, neither of which seems to care a tinker's objurgation what becomes of it now. Once upon a time the police looked after it; then the soldiers took over the task—but, about April last, they retired gracefully and left this exposed portion of the Midland line to the crows. The district is very rural, so there may be a scarecrow near-by to frighten intruders. But there is nothing else.

Tommy as a "Nuisance."

A young Devonian, serving in the Royal Engineers, tells how, in Hertfordshire, he and some more of the boys were repairing telegraph wires. Billets were a long way off, so were inns, but there was a nice big house adjacent. To it went our friend politely asking the "lady" whether she would make a jug of tea for the thirsty Engineers, for which they would willingly pay. We regret to say that the "lady" slammed the door in his face, after remarking, "We have no hot water and very little tea, and soldiers are a nuisance." Such is the young soldier's story, and in it he makes one grievous mistake—when he calls that female a lady.

Women on the Land.

Some of the conditions imposed on women volunteering for farm work are "harsh and unconscionable," like usurers' terms. Fruit, pea and potato pickers are offered "about" 4s. a day. They pay their own fares, but, if they are good workers, are promised part repayment. They take their own mattresses and blankets, and sleep in a barn. And "they must join the Land Army, membership 2s. 6d., armlet, 1s." The women are prepared for the rough work and small pay, but that 3s. 6d. is rather a startler. The armlet should be free, and to demand 2s. 6d. from women because they are willing to do their bit is an absurd imposition. Other fruit farmers offer ½d. per lb., and say it "equals 18s. to £1 weekly." Work commences at 4 in the morning, "and 10 to 11 hours daily are expected." A roof is provided, over cottage, hut, or barn, but nothing else, not even a tea-cup. It is like going hopping out of patriotism.

Bumble Busy.

When an unpaid Magistrate on a rural Bench attempts to act in a kindly and humane manner, it is hard that Bumbledom should arise and endeavour to undo his good work. At Dorking, Mr. Pardon-Howe had before him a woman in a dazed condition, with a child 15 months old in her arms, and within a few weeks of once again becoming a mother. Having a heart, the Magistrate did not send her to a cell, but remanded her to the Infirmary. In a few hours two Bumbles were at the police-station, demanding to know who sent the woman without an Order from the Relieving Officer. They also requested the police to fetch the poor creature and her infant away, although it was already night, but the Superintendent stood by the Magistrate's order and refused. As though that were not sufficient, the Board of Guardians actually debated the matter, "strongly protesting against cases being sent in such an illegal manner," and "making a charge for maintenance." Bumble is still a force in the countryside; let us wish more power to a humane Magistrate who fights him.

Pay for your holiday by making "Bullets"—see page 24.

Shocked.

Entering the Tooting establishment of that eminent Scottish fisherman, Mr. Sam Isaacs, one of our readers was shocked to have placed before him a menu card bearing this advertisement among others: "Henkell and Co., Founded in 1832. Biebrich-Wiesbaden and Mayence-on-Rhine. Shippers of Still and Sparkling Hocks and Moselles." It is certainly not an advertisement likely to increase the appetite of customers for fragrant fish, and it should be at once withdrawn. Patriots do not drink Germhun wines now.

Cheaper than Charing.

Keyworth Council School, Notts, requires a young lady of 18 as supplementary teacher. She will need to be a nice girl, refined, capable, intellectual, and of unblemished character, and her pa and ma will probably have paid something substantial for her education; otherwise she would not be of much account as a teacher. And Keyworth Council School has the impudence to offer such a girl a commencing salary of from £20 to £25. How the girl is to live and keep herself decent on the sum is not explained, but we feel sorry for any young lady unfortunate enough to secure the appointment.

"Suggestion."

The treatment by suggestion of nervous cases, including those due to shell-shock, has not been entirely overlooked by our Army Medical Department. Certain wards at Netley Hospital are under the charge of Major MacDougall, R.A.M.C., who relinquished the chair of Neurology at Oxford for military duty, and during the past twelve months has been regularly employing "suggestion," with satisfactory results in many instances. If his success warrants an extension of the treatment to other centres, the movement should be speeded up, instead of being retarded. One fully qualified medical gentleman, who offered his services—unpaid if necessary—to any hospital in this special capacity, was informed by the War Office that they had no need for them. His offer is still open.

A Boy Soldier's "Crime."

Four lads were hauled up in the police-court for the awful offence of playing football in the street at Bearwood, Smethwick. The father of one boy made an appeal to the Bench. His son had just been released from the Army, being only 15. He had enlisted to avenge his brother, killed in France at the age of 16 years and 7 months. The father also had been to the Front, but was now discharged. And he was willing, and his son too, to return to the trenches. The Chairman said the Magistrates "congratulated the father of the boy and said that he had cause to be proud of the family's career." Then, dropping his eloquence and becoming prosy, he said "football in the street was far too common," and "fines of 8s. were imposed." Now, 8s. is a large sum to that ex-soldier, who has a big family, and his record entitled him and his fine son to "mercy" in the shape of a kindly warning. To bleed him of hard-earned money was senseless severity.

A Query for Marksmen.

"A train is a mile long, with the engine at the front and the guard at the other end," writes "Wounded Soldier." "The train is travelling at the rate of one mile per minute. The guard has a rifle which fires a bullet at the rate of one mile a minute. Is it possible for the guard to put the rifle outside the window and shoot the engine-driver?" Not if the driver has any sense. He would keep *his* head well in.

"Dartymoor."

If what we hear is true, the Recruiting Sergeant should make an early call at Dartmoor Convict Prison. For we are assured that, while the number of prisoners is decreasing at an "alarming" rate, the bodyguard of strong young warders is being continually added to. So much so, that there are, at present, four officials to every nine convicts. "Dartymoor" seems to need combing.

The Hated Words.

Some picture postcards of Weymouth are "Published by Edward Hitch, Weymouth, 4, St. Mary Street." The picture side is very nice; the other side isn't. For up in the corner are the words "Processed in Germany," and printed in thick black letters across those words, in an effort to obliterate them, is the inscription "Half-penny Stamp." Now we cannot blame any publisher for trying to sell his pre-war stock, but we do complain of any endeavour, cunning or clumsy, to disguise the nature of his goods. A customer should be able to see what he is buying; to sell him masked goods is unfair.

Hove's Move.

Readers in Hove are asked to sign the town's petition calling on the Mayor to summon a public meeting on the alien question. To make the movement a success no resident should withhold support, for it is necessary to counteract much lukewarmness in quarters where it should not exist, but does. Hove has a bad reputation because it put up so long with the presence of Von Bissing, tolerating him to such an extent that it became necessary for Brighton to intervene. Von Bissing lovers are apparently numerous and at large in Hove; hence this special appeal to every one of our readers resident in the borough.

The Union Jack.

The suggestion comes from Australia that British loyalty and union might be recognised by the addition of another cross to the flag known as the Union Jack. There would be no sacrilege in adding to that emblem; we know that it began with the Cross of St. George, for England, and the Cross of St. Andrew, for Scotland, the Cross of St. Patrick for Ireland being afterwards incorporated, the three combined crosses forming the Union Jack as we know it to-day. Another cross in compliment to the Oversea Dominions would honour them—and us. "One Flag" for the whole Empire is not a bad idea, is it?

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"SOUTHERN PRESS" (Govan):—
"They say that we are likely to have ladies as PURSUERS on the Clyde steamers this season."

"BERWICK ADVERTISER" (advertisement):—
"RABBIT CATCHER, Experienced, WANTS KILLING."

"POULTRY":—
"The WOMAN WHO PRODUCES MORE EGGS is doing her bit for her country just as surely as her man in the trenches."

"NORTH WALES OBSERVER AND EXPRESS" (advertisement):—
"GLAMORGAN COUNTY COUNCIL RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR by using ———'s Hair Colour Restorer."

"THE STAGE" (advertisement):—
"Wanted, Partner, Active or Sleeping (LADY PREFERRED), with £200. Advertisers are Two Gents."

"HULL DAILY MAIL" (advertisement):—
"LOST, Between Airedale and Irish Terrier; LITTLE PIECE OF BOTTOM LIP; finder suitably rewarded."

"FAMILY JOURNAL":—
"In cases of quinsy the doctor ought always to be sent for, AS PEOPLE HAVE BEEN CHOKED FOR NEGLECTING TO CALL IN A MEDICAL MAN."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To M. Raymond Poincaré, President of the French Republic.

DEAR M. LE PRESIDENT,—Throughout the British Empire the National Fête Day of France was warmly celebrated; and I ask you to believe that this commemoration was no mere conventional courtesy, but rather a tangible expression of genuine friendship and good will. In two years of associated effort, we have come to know and appreciate the magnificent qualities of courage and patriotism which are the glory of France; and eagerly we seize each opportunity of drawing closer the bonds which unite us in singleness of purpose and unity of aim. Soon victory shall crown our united efforts; but the lessons of the war will not soon be forgotten, and in peace we shall remain comrades and friends.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P.

DEAR PREMIER,—The public are eagerly awaiting the promised papers on the Dardanelles and Mesopotamian operations; and I am bound to say your excuses for delay are somewhat unconvincing. In regard to the Mesopotamian expedition there has been a wide prevalence of disquieting rumour, and in the interest of all parties concerned it is high time that as far as possible the facts were placed on public record. In respect of the ill-fated Dardanelles campaign similar considerations apply; wherefore I beg you to lose no time in redeeming your pledge to "lay papers." Honesty is frequently the best policy.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. David Lloyd George, M.P., Secretary of State for War.

DEAR MR. LLOYD GEORGE,—I confess that I was a little uneasy at your relinquishment of the Ministry of Munitions; but I am glad you are able to give such an excellent account of your stewardship, and to report so favourably upon the existing situation. The results achieved have been stupendous, and I doubt if any other Minister has so good a record of war service to his credit. Now let me beg of you not to spoil it. In your new office you will find opportunities of supervising the mighty efforts you have called into being—*but don't interfere too much with the soldiers.* Every man to his trade, you know.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Robert Cecil, M.P., Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

DEAR LORD "BOB,"—The German reply to the British "ultimatum" in regard to the treatment of prisoners of war seems to leave matters pretty much where they were; and I am wondering what is to happen next—remembering, as I must, that while these parleys are in progress thousands of our brave British soldiers are being slowly starved to death. As a first step, I suggest that the organisation of food supplies for transmission to prisoners in Germany should be placed on a sound business footing; in a matter so vital nothing should be left to the haphazard efforts of private charity. Meanwhile, I hope you are keeping a careful record of the German officers responsible for the maltreatment of prisoners. These are the Huns we must hang.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Nigel Freer, Hon. Secretary, Worcestershire Hunt, Droitwich.

REV. SIR, Believe me, I am much obliged for your letter, notwithstanding that you take exception to my recent remarks on the war, the Tribunals, and the Hunt. Among other things, you tell me that you feel sure I should not have written as I did had I "known the sacrifices made by hunting people of all ranks in the dark days of the autumn of 1914," when "every suitable horse was gladly handed over to the Government, in many cases at a very great loss as regards value." I have looked into the booklet which you have sent me, and I gladly acknowledge on the record that many of the members have done their bit; but I am anxious only that Hunts should not be maintained at full strength for pleasure at the expense of the forces needed to win the war. Sport is good, and tends to make fit men; but this war needs all possible of them for victory.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Waldo, Coroner, City of London.

DEAR CROWNER,—Sometimes in your walks abroad—if you ever do condescend to walk—you may have seen displayed the pastel studies of the pavement artist. You will have noted a vigorous representation of a candle, stuck in the neck of a ginger-beer bottle. Probably you did not know it for a candle; perhaps you have never seen a candle. Let me assure you that such things be and are; that poor people use them; to use them they must light them; to light them needs a match. Matches to the poor are a necessity—not a luxury. The tax upon them is felt, distressingly, but the poor are good patriots, so they grin and bear it. I tell you these things because you seem so woefully ignorant of them. Witness your remarks: "If I had been Chancellor of the Exchequer I would have made the match tax stiffer. People are most careless with them. I do not use matches. I have electricity at home, and am a non-smoker." These autobiographical observations are interesting perhaps; they are selfish, without a doubt. In your lordly home, gay with electric light, you would gladly see a "stiffer" burden put upon the poor woman who has to light her candle to go to bed by. Because you do not "use matches," let the Chancellor come down thumpingly on the many who do, the many who have not your luxury, your lights, or your wealth. I wish you were a smoker; then you could put this in your pipe and smoke it while you ruminated concerning the sweet spirit of charity.

JOHN BULL.

To Councillor Edward Powell, City Council, Liverpool.

DEAR MR. POWELL,—The sort of war economy I like to hear about is that resolved by a majority of the City Council on your motion—to save £200 and forgo the annual jaunt to Vrynwy and Rivington waterworks. Some of the members may miss the table delicacies, the wine that makes glad the heart of man, the aroma of the sublime Havana—and peradventure the funny stories—but this is the day of sacrifice. The day of rejoicing cometh, and if the jaunt to the waterworks to inspect the water cometh with it, then everybody ought to be so filled with rapture that he will be delighted to foot his bill from his own purse.

JOHN BULL.

To Wm. J. Barwick, Esq., Traders' Association, Chelsea.

SIR,—It is always a pleasure to me to observe a gentleman with the courage of some of his convictions. Accept my congratulations on the vigour and verity of your speech at the monthly meeting of the Chelsea Traders' Association; it is scarcely a forum where one expects to hear a denunciation of exploiting meat trusts, food rings, and commodity profiteers. "Certain rings and combines have taken advantage of the present crisis to enrich themselves," you told your fellow members; "it is tantamount to robbing your mother when she is ill." It is well said, and for the moment we will let it stay at that.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Smith, K.C., M.P.

MY DEAR "F. E.,"—That was a nasty trick Sir John Simon played on you, to leave the Act obviating the re-election of Ministers in such a form that you have committed the unpardonable offence of illegally sitting and voting in Parliament. Think he did it on purpose, by any chance? He is anything but a "Simple" Simon, you know. Yet I would back you to get out of the difficulty somehow—even without the aid of a special Act. Still, there is "Ll. G." to be thought of. And he is a child in these matters!

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Herbert Samuel, Home Secretary.

DEAR HERBERT,—I am so glad to hear it *isn't* true that you have transgressed the Liquor laws of the land by treating a man to a drink! True, he was a Fireman in distress, but the Law takes no note of these trifles, and I shudder to think of the enormity of such an offence. What with the Attorney-General breaking the law, and one thing and another—well, I'm glad to know *you* are innocent!

JOHN BULL.

WATCH HALDANE!

HE MADE WAR A CERTAINTY; HE MIGHT MAKE PEACE A SHAME.

By CHARLES PALMER (*Late Editor of "The Globe"*).

THIS man is one of the most sinister figures of our time. He deliberately deceived the nation about Germany; he lulled the people into a false sense of security concerning the intentions of those who dwell in his "spiritual home." He played the game of Germany with a callous disregard of British interests for which in sterner, honester times as Lord Chancellor, Keeper of the King's Conscience, he would have been impeached. Yet to-day he has the brazen effrontery of the lawyer-politician to lecture about the future, those he duped and deceived, and once more to praise the land which has spawned the devils of râpine and destruction. If my Lord Haldane had learned anything of the dignity of that Woolsack he ought never to have sat upon, he would now for ever hold his peace. Until the Peers rid their roll of renegade dukes they will have to endure the presence of this miserable man, whose blind affection for the Kaiser and his cruel hordes silenced his lips when he should have uttered words of warning. But his offence is even greater than that of the men nursed in this land, the Dukes of Albany and Cumberland, who are now fighting on the side of the Evil One of Europe. He knew; he suspected what was to come. Yet he remained dumb. Had he spoken, had Germany been made to understand that we should stand by our friends, there would have been no war. Which crime is the greater—the crime of going against your own people in war, or the crime of remaining silent, and so making war inevitable?

A Vainglorious Politician.

Let it be remembered, Lord Haldane is that most dangerous of types — the vainglorious politician. He imagines that he is essential to the King's Government, and he will make every effort, aided by certain members of the Cabinet obsessed with their friendship for the man, to regain power and influence. There is a danger greater than the danger of war—the danger of peace. And the nation must be on its guard. Watch this man—Watch Haldane—lest he creeps through the doors of Downing Street and is allowed to hold "a watching brief" when the Day of the Great Reckoning comes. We know that in times past he stood at the right hand of Sir Edward Grey—he has had a testimonial from the Prime Minister hardly less enthusiastic and flamboyant than was given to that splendid patriot, Sir Edgar Speyer, who flung his English honours in the face of the King.

He is a Danger to the State.

This man—who went up and down the country telling the people that Germany was our friend, that the Kaiser was of all monarchs the most humane, who laughed at the very thought of war, and scoffed at Lord Roberts for his "amateur" warnings—wants to have a finger in the pie of peace. He must be kept out of every public office, for he is a danger to our Imperial well-being. By temperament, by training, by his choice of "spiritual home," by the selection of his friends—remember the secret letter from the monster Ballin he received on the eve of war, and has flatly refused to disclose—by every test we can apply to a man my lord Haldane, who cut down the Army when he was War Secretary and bamboozled the nation when he was Lord Chancellor, is a danger to the State. One good thing at least was the outcome of the Coalition Government—Haldane had to go. The Unionists refused to work with him. We cannot trust the Coalition now. We, the People, must see to it that Haldane, who hung about Whitehall waiting to be made War Secretary when the conflict began, never puts his foot over any departmental doorstep until peace is assured and the settlement signed and sealed.

You can take this man's record at any point of his political career and condemn him out of his own mouth. We all know that, while he now declares that he suspected Germany, he never gave the smallest public hint that all was not well. Thanks to my long Parliamentary experience and a good memory, things are suggested to me that others sometimes forget. And as I recall that while Ministers are now ready enough to confess that the true character of German aims was long apparent—that in particular a system of espionage, more thorough and more daring than has ever before been known, had been in existence for at least six years prior to the war—this man who deceived his countrymen after his visit to Berlin in 1912 was playing the same miserable game four years earlier.

He Laughed at Spies.

We all know now—even Mr. McKenna, who when Home Secretary took such a lot of convincing, has been convinced—that the Kaiser and his gang of peace-breakers resorted to the dirtiest and most sordid tricks to spy out the land, even to the extent of abusing Royal hospitality. But when in 1908 Lord Haldane was warned he laughed the kind of laugh by which Birrell brought bloodshed and rebellion to Ireland; he ridiculed the danger. It was brought to his notice by the local member of Parliament, Colonel Lockwood, that military men "from a foreign nation" (Oh no, we never mentioned Germany in those days; it was not considered polite!) had been resident for two years in the neighbourhood of Epping, had been "sketching and photographing the whole district and communicating their information directly to their own country." Now if the answer given by Lord Haldane was not a direct inducement, I won't say invitation, to the friends from his "spiritual home" to continue their activities, then language has neither meaning nor intention. This was his reply: "As the law of this country at present stands everybody, whether he is an Englishman or a foreigner, is at liberty to go about, and if he likes to sketch and photograph, excepting in places where there are fortifications." That was not all. Chief Constables in the Eastern Counties warned the then War Secretary of the espionage which was going on, and there was talk in Parliament of a staff ride through England organised by Germans. Still my Lord Haldane made ridicule. And when he was asked whether he looked upon "the system of espionage as but an amusing recreation," this friend of the Kaiser, this admirer of the land of Kultur, made answer, "I have not the slightest evidence that *any foreign Power* is sending spies here, and *I have reason to think the contrary*." Later, when the German Government imposed new and very proper restrictions on British officers visiting Germany, Lord Haldane refused to make more stringent the rules governing the movements of German officers in this country!

All that I have stated is on the official records. It is more evidence, if more is needed, to prove what kind of man is the ex-War Secretary and ex-Lord Chancellor. His boasted friendliness with Germans, his laudation of Germany as the land of light and leading, his mental attitude towards the Hun, his temperamental leaning towards the land of the ravisher and the robber, are recorded in indelible print. This man's most cherished desire is to worm himself back into the Councils of the nation. He is suspect from Paris to Petrograd; he is mistrusted throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire. Watch him; watch him closely; see that he is kept powerless for harm

THE TRAGEDY OF THE TIGRIS.

SPLENDID COURAGE IN MESOPOTAMIA—DAMNABLE NEGLECT AT HOME.

BY A. G. HALES.

WHEN all the rest of the British press was dumb for long months, JOHN BULL, true to its name and great traditions, drove an iron wedge into the screen of mystery in regard to the conspiracy of silence affecting our operations in Mesopotamia. This journal told in plain, unvarnished language of the danger that hung like a pall over General Townshend and his utterly inadequate little army, sent in a spirit of mad melodrama to capture Bagdad. It got no thanks for its well-founded warnings, and Ministers, who know less of war than bootblacks know of bank management, rose in their places in the House of Commons and, in answer to questions put by Members of Parliament, framed on our articles, said all was well. They did not lie of set purpose, those Ministers of the Crown; they only spoke out of the utter and unplumbable depths of their ignorance. *They did not know*—that was their only sin; they would not be taught—that was their only crime. And whilst they sat entrenched in their ignorance, brave British soldiers and gallant officers were laying down their lives. JOHN BULL thundered again and again in their ears; they shrugged their shoulders and resumed their slumber, whispering in their somnolence, "Wait and see." We did *not* wait; we kept at them. In the end we saw one of the most lamentable sights in our history—we saw the most brilliant General on the active service list and one of the most heroic little armies starved into surrender. The whole nation blushed with the shame of our defeat—which should never have occurred, which never *would* have occurred if our warnings had been heeded. We saw heroes sacrificed by asses. Had we only received the support of the daily press to which we were entitled, in a spirit of *pro patria* at the critical moment, we should have forced the Government to act—but the daily press hung back. The "big" Editors were afraid of the risk JOHN BULL'S Editor took so gallantly—they were afraid of being suppressed. JOHN BULL took the risk—and the rest were dumb. Now, when all the mischief has been done, they hang in chains. When *will* Fleet Street learn that the nation should come before the *paper?* When will these gentlemen understand that the nation's *honour* is the first of all considerations? If the daily press had only stood as strongly in the forefront of the battle for right when we were clamouring for the redress of wrongs in Mesopotamia months ago as they are now when it is too late, our national prestige in the East had not fallen so low, men would not have died in vain, and victory, instead of defeat, would have crowned our arms.

The Things We Did.

After long and careful consideration with the Editor of JOHN BULL, and after getting the hearty co-operation of experts in London and from over-seas, I was empowered to lay a scheme before one of our most noted Generals for the alleviation of our forces in Mesopotamia. In that scheme I offered to give my services in the fighting line either as a private or as an officer. The General, whose letter is by me as I write, said that the plan was worthy of the closest consideration, and, further, that he would lay it before the *highest authorities*. That scheme was pigeon-holed, and JOHN BULL'S efforts were rendered abortive. To-day, six long months too late, the Lords are clamouring for the very thing this journal tried to bring to pass. My feelings about it may be expressed in few words—it is a most damnable and disgraceful shame. The wounded who died in misery—the starved troops who had to yield because nature gave out—have all suffered and died in vain, whilst the talkers wallowed in luxury and stuffed their pockets with ill-earned salaries. Think of this: On one occasion a thousand British troops, wounded in battle, were stuffed on board a transport with only *one medical officer and one orderly!* Is not that damnable—isn't it a shame and a disgrace? It is—cover it how you will, cloak it how you may. It is a scandal as infamous as any that disgraced us during the Crimea—scandals which Russell exposed so bravely. And you, the British people, are not blameless; that blood lies on *your* heads. Why don't you sweep these place-hunting parasites out of public life? Are a soldier's sufferings nothing to you?

Punish the Guilty!

The Lords are up in arms now; they mean to force an inquiry and an exposure; but why did they not do it when JOHN BULL stormed at them? If we were right then—and we were—the Lords are right now, and the people must strike hip and thigh behind them and bring the ignoble crew to justice. We have had far too much glossing over of faults and follies in high places. What is the use of preaching discipline to the people if no discipline is practised in high quarters? *Punish the men who have done wrong.* Let no consideration of position or rank stand in the way. The Commons have failed us; let us look to the Lords. Here are the plain facts: Soldiers and officers in our Mesopotamia campaign have been neglected worse than the soldiers of a Zulu impi on the war-path. They have been allowed to rot with their wounds and to die of disease. Was there no help in England? He who says so lies. There were, and are, thousands upon thousands of women ready and willing to go out as nurses. They may not have had skilled training, but I, who have led scores of prospecting parties in the wilds, know that women can be rushed to a post and do nursing work as good as the very best. All they want is common-sense direction from a medical man. I would find ten thousand such women in Britain in less than twenty-four hours. Had that been done, our wounded would not have died like flies. Stand by the Lords and punish the guilty. I want to see some of those smug-faced killers of our soldiers shot out of hand. JOHN BULL gave fair warning long, long ago; now JOHN BULL calls for drastic punishment of the guilty—and the only men who seem firm enough to demand it are the Lords. I don't care who demands it, so long as we get it. This war will never be won until we make an example of some of the incompetents in our midst. I had a letter from an officer—a fighter, a man who had fought in most quarters of the earth—an English gentleman. He said that his thigh was shattered, and that in all his column there was not a single splint; meat cases had to be broken up to find material to treat his wounds. I suppose Lloyd George was too busy writing his book, and Asquith was too occupied framing answers to parliamentary questions—"Yes," "No," "Perhaps"—to look into vital matters. To one who has lived a life of action it is sickening! It's hell to think of men rotting for want of bandages and disinfectants for their wounds gained in *your* cause, for *your* sakes—to think of men starving for want of bread whilst Donington Hall is filled with riotous waste and extravagance. Are there no Britishers left in Britain; have they all gone to the war? Think of it—men who have fought for you in Mesopotamia putrifying from uncleansed wounds, starving for want of proper food, faint for want of change of linen. Wake up, for God's sake—wake up!

GRAVE MILITARY SCANDAL.

MURDERING BRITISH TERRITORIAL SOLDIERS—WHO SHALL HANG?

In India the authorities still seem to look upon Tommy as little lower than a dog, and of less value than a horse. On June 5th, over a thousand British Territorial soldiers, drawn from almost every regiment in the King's Army, disembarked at Karachi from a transport, and were hustled into a waiting train. They breathed a sigh of relief at leaving the ship, on which their treatment had been none of the best, and eagerly anticipated better conditions on land. The unfortunate fellows were in disgrace. After "doing their bit" in France, they had gone on well-earned furlough, but had overstayed their leave—some by only a single day. For this offence they had been sentenced to disciplinary treatment in India for periods varying from six months to two years. They were packed closely in third-class carriages—which Europeans never use—with the same kind of accommodation as a traveller gets in more temperate climes when sharing a bench with five other passengers. Thus they started, at seven in the evening, on a *four days'* journey to Rawal Pindi, across the Scinde Desert, with scarcely any water for drinking and practically no sanitary arrangements. This "disciplinary" party, it had been thought by someone in authority, was just the very thing to undergo an experiment which had never been tried before—namely, that of transporting a crowded train, loaded with Europeans in third-class carriages, unprovided with fans or any of the other contrivances usually thought essential when crossing the burning plains of India, where the temperature is often over 120 degrees in the shade.

The contents of the men's water bottles were soon exhausted, and so was the single pound of ice per head with which a munificent Government had provided them. It is well to draw a curtain over the gruesome details of that awful night. The poor fellows—sickening, choking, suffocating and dying—suffered the tortures of the damned. A Major and three doctors were in charge, but as these officers were getting their first experience of India, their services were totally inadequate. After many stops to allow other passenger trains to pass, at three o'clock the next afternoon they reached Rohri Station, 291 miles from Karachi, where there was a scheduled stop of three hours. When the carriage doors were opened seven corpses and thirty-two sick were taken out from where, a few hours before, there had been only healthy men. Five died soon after reaching the local hospital; the survivors' sufferings were prolonged. At Rohri they had a meal in the station shed, which has only an iron roof. For four hours, during the hottest part of the day, they were kept waiting on the borders of the desert. At seven in the evening they entrained, and this perambulating "Black Hole of Calcutta" commenced the second stage of its fateful journey, shedding its dead and dying at various stations *en route*.

The Major and the doctors—although almost prostrate with heat themselves—worked among the sufferers to the utmost of their ability, supported by officers who had come to meet their drafts. What had been two pounds of ice per man was now issued, but, having been brought over forty miles, the greater part of this life-saving substance had melted.

The train of death continued its lagging course. Urgent telegrams had been sent to Lahore, and the medical authorities there rose to the occasion, a large staff of doctors and nurses awaiting the train at the station when it—four hours late—came in. The traffic manager had an extra engine coupled, and ordered that the journey should be continued at express speed. A medical officer with experience accompanied the troops, and it is probably owing to these energetic measures that more fatalities did not occur. The death roll was, however, shocking. Twenty-five gallant British soldiers had been killed by the neglect and incompetence of some dunderheaded official. Over 200 men were taken to hospital, and we regret to learn that of these twelve have since died, whilst several of the victims have, unfortunately, gone raving mad. One terrible case was that of a soldier who was laid out for dead in the train, and three corpses piled on top of him. When, however—many hours later—the officials removed the bodies, they found the poor fellow still alive, although he breathed his last a few moments later.

In the opinion of those qualified to judge, it is a miracle that any of the thousand men should have survived their terrible ordeal; and, on behalf of these poor tortured creatures we demand that criminal proceedings shall be taken against the cold-blooded "experimentalist" who herded Europeans into what were practically sheep pens, without the decencies of life, and sent them on a journey of over a thousand miles in a train so slow that it took four days instead of thirty-six hours—and this when they were not even supplied *en route* with the boiled and cooled water for drinking which is part of the allowance authorised by the Government.

There is no war in India, and no reason—except it be to "punish" the men—why they should not have travelled by easy stages in proper carriages, during the cool of the night, with generous supplies of ice. No garbled excuse, no glib tale of "orders," can wipe out this ghastly crime. *Who shall hang?*

IN THE GRIP OF THE THUGS.

HOW THE PUBLIC IS THROTTLED BY THE SHIPPING GANG.

The public are growing increasingly impatient at the supine attitude of the Government towards the food problem, which calls imperatively for bold and decisive handling. We might fill this page with examples of the extortion—no milder word will fit the facts—practised by the leading shipping lines, and the balance-sheets of the principal Companies afford conclusive evidence of the extent to which the public have been fleeced for the enrichment of the shareholders in ship-owning concerns. In one case brought to our notice, £15 a ton measurement was charged for the transport of goods which, before the war, would have been carried over the same journey, by the same line, at a tonnage rate of 16s. 8d. It should be added that the goods in question were materials for the manufacture of articles to be subsequently supplied to the Government for purposes related to the war. Our old friends, too, the Cape Ring, are at their games again, and are raising freights to South Africa to such an extent as to be most prejudicial to the Cape Colony. This Ring before the war entered into an arrangement with the German lines to keep freights up, the result being that cargoes could be shipped to the Continent and reshipped to South Africa at less cost than from this country direct—thus playing into the hands of Germans and inflicting a severe blow to British trade, though at the same time lining their own pockets. When will the Cape Government take the bull by the horns, as Mr. Hughes has done, and form a National Cape Line? It is the taxpayer—the hard-pressed private citizen—who is hit. There are, doubtless, technical difficulties in the way of an all-round fixing of maximum freights, but, with due deference to some of the expert writers—not always disinterested authorities—who have favoured us with their opinion, we decline to believe that the problem is insoluble. In respect of the transport of munitions and food supplies to the various theatres of war, reasonable contract rates have been fixed, which, though far lower than the freights otherwise prevailing, have left the Companies a substantial, and in most instances a liberal, margin of profit. It is high time that the question of home food supplies was similarly taken in hand, and we have no doubt whatever that if the task were approached with an honest desire to find a solution, a successful issue would speedily be reached. It is the piecemeal policy of the Government, in regard to a problem which ought to have been envisaged and grappled with as a whole, that is responsible for most of our present difficulties in relation to food supplies.

A CRUEL CRIME.

MISPLACED LENIENCY TO A BRUTE.

For starving one cow to death, and the shocking neglect of several others and a mare, Thomas O'Conner was fined £10 and costs at the York City Police Court the other day. It seems that the animals had been kept for a lengthy period on an enclosed plot of ground where there was very little grass or herbage; and when they were visited by an Inspector of the R.S.P.C.A. the poor beasts were ravenous with hunger and wildly eager for food. So pitiable was their plight that they were actually eating the dung from the ground, and the bark and branches of a few stunted trees within their reach. The condition of the cows was perhaps worse than that of the mare, who yet was so hungry that she tried to nibble the pages of the pocket-book in which the Inspector was making notes. As a result of these cruel privations one of the cows had died, and a post-mortem examination of the body revealed shocking evidence of systematic neglect and starvation. "Its inside was in a terrible condition. It was absolutely devoid of all fat and tissue, and had been starved. Its lungs were affected with tubercle. Lack of food and tuberculosis were the cause of death." According to the veterinary surgeon, the surviving cattle were "dreadfully emaciated" and "very weak"; as the prosecuting solicitor justly observed, the case was a very bad one, "showing scandalous want of attention." Theoretically, the Bench were in agreement with this view. "The cruelty," said the Lord Mayor, "had not been at all casual, but had been continuous." In all the circumstances the penalty of £10 and costs was grossly inadequate. For such odious crimes the punishment should be "gaol without the option"—to which poetic justice would add "on hunger rations."

A HEFTY BERTH.

THE FUTURE OF OUR SOLDIERS.

"Are we to expect this kind of employment for discharged soldiers?"—is the pertinent query to which "One of the Boys at a Southern Camp" is prompted by the sight of the following advertisement in a London newspaper, among the "Situations Vacant":—

> Night Watchman, age about 45, in large factory to do round of Shops and help to bank up eight fires in boiler-house; must be strong; ex-Army or Navy man preferred; and must be medically fit; highest references required; 7 days a week with 1 night off every month; wages 33s. per week; hours 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. Apply by letter.

Thirty-three shillings for a week of seven nights is obviously less than 5s. a night; and the wage offered thus works out at the rate of about 4½d. an hour. This is the pittance that the advertiser has the impudence to offer to "an ex-Army or Navy man," with the "highest references," and no physical blemish to impair his efficiency. Reading between the lines of the advertisement, it is pretty clear that the job offered is no sinecure—in such billets the work is generally in the inverse ratio of the pay—and it may be taken for granted that the successful applicant will have few idle moments in his 12 hours' watch. As for our correspondent's question, we have little doubt that such offers of employment will continue to be made to discharged soldiers and sailors; but it will be the duty of the State—that is, of all of us—to see that they are placed in such circumstances as to be able to withstand the efforts of mean employers to secure their services at less than a living wage. They have made sacrifices which no money can ever recompense. They have "done their bit"; let them have their "bit" afterwards.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES, BY THE "BOW-WOW."

"Mesopotamia, *blessed* word!"—
How well the phrase has lasted—
Old Wait-and-See exclaims "Absurd!
The word that's meant is—er—quite so."

"Vive la France!" All admiration,
Sympathy and love we send.
Glorious, great and gallant nation,
Fearless fighter, faithful friend!

Bravo, Poilu! Good old Tommy!
Brothers in arms in the battle line,
Beat the Boche and hurl him shattered,
Battered and broken, across the Rhine!

Our noble Lord Mayor's great appeal
On willing ears should fall,
And make the war-worn heroes feel
Our hearts are with them all.

Hurry the shells up! Hurry the shells up!
Back up the boys who are fighting in France.
Let burly Germhuns the horrors of hell sup—
Hang all the holidays! Give 'em a chance!!

"Huntruths, Hunaccuracies" stream
O'er Haldane's Hunlike brow
Faithless he's proved, yet 'tis his dream
That we'll believe him now.

AN APOLOGY FOR GERMAN LUST.

FANATIC'S ASTOUNDING DEFENCE OF ATROCITIES.

Somebody signing himself "John Marsh Pitt," and describing himself as of 5, Mitcham Park, writes in a local newspaper a column of astounding "argument" against a test question put to Conscientious Objects: "Supposing a German came to molest your wife or daughter, would you not shoot him?" He commences by finding excuses for Germans who violate women; such "outrages . . . were committed when drunk with victory and Belgian wine." In any case, victims of German lust, were they "Belgians, French, Serbians, Poles, etc., did not suffer for righteousness' sake." It must have been their own fault! Besides, insinuates Mr. Pitt, are not we guilty of similar crimes of lust and horror? Would we "praise a Boer who tried to protect his females from British assault? Do we defend Indian women from our own military? . . . English 'gentlemen' nightly debase hundreds of thousands of our fairest flowers." The German beast, according to this preposterous but poisonous Pitt, is an angel compared with ourselves.

Now let us consider how the Pitt person would treat a German who "came to molest his wife or daughter." He "doubts" whether any crime could be "committed upon innocence." If this means anything, it means that our wives and daughters are not innocent. But, if they are, "they would rather run the remote risk of 'dishonour'"—(Mr. Pitt puts the word "dishonour" in quotation marks, as if so small a thing as dishonouring a woman is nothing to worry about)—"than let their husbands dishonour their names by murder." Your womenfolk, you see, would suffer the lust of a German sooner than see the scoundrel shot. Then he puts in a plea not to kill the violator of women, because "he, too, has dear ones at home." Pitt says he would sooner die than kill the scoundrel while "committing the sin" alluded to. The beast would be ashamed of himself afterwards, and if Pitt were to kill him while assaulting his wife or daughter, Pitt would "prevent him from turning over a new leaf." Pitt would look on him with "a calm piercing eye," and "appeal to his better nature"!

It is difficult to realise the state of mind of a man who can pen such sublimated idiocy as though it were sound argument. It leaves one wondering if John Marsh Pitt has a mother, wife, daughter, sister, or any female connection whatever, for, if so, she must be both saddened and horrified to find her sex so lightly thought of and her honour of such small account. Pitt is a person so much in love with Conscientious Objects that he has none to spare for any other man, woman, or child—unless they be Germans, and then his heart goes out to them even in the moment of their foulest crimes. In taking leave of him, we would point out that the paper containing his views is "Printed by H. Bottomley, Harberson Road, Balham." We need scarcely add, "No connection."

MILK AND BUN CRIMES.

DESPERATE DEEDS ON THE SACRED SABBATH.

In Bonnie Scotland the law's the law, an' the Sawbath's a graun' day the day ye ken. At the Burgh Police Court, a short time ago, the proprietress of a dairy at Inverkeithing was prosecuted for using her shop as a place of public refreshment on Sunday—to wit, "supplying two soldiers each with a bun and a glass of milk." There are no facilities for refreshment at all in Inverkeithing on Sundays, though it is the station for Rosyth Dockyard. Soldiers, sailors, and dockyard workers arrive in the town at all hours, many of them not having had a square meal for hours. Yet the holy law of Scotland says that on Sundays they may not look upon the wine when it is red, nor upon the whisky when it is Scotch, nor drink the ale when it foameth in the tankard, while the holy law of Inverkeithing says they shall neither purchase bun nor milk, for great is the sin thereof. Our information does not inform us whether or not the good lady of the dairy was hanged, drawn and quartered by the Burgh Magistrate—but if so, and not too late, we shall be glad to send her a lovely wreath for her tomb, likewise a truss of hay or a basket of thistles for the chief men and elders who enforced the law.

THE PRISONERS OF WAR SCANDAL.

ASTONISHING INJUSTICE INFLICTED ON BRITISH WORKMEN.

In an envelope bearing the printed heading "Prisoners of War; No Stamp Required," a well-known West End firm have received the following communication, which has been duly passed by the Censor:—

Hut 68, Camp B, Stobs, near Hawick, Scotland.

Dear Sirs,—I take the liberty of sending you herewith a sample of a hand-carved Walnut Postcard Stand which—having been made by captured German Prisoners—ought to command a certain sale. I could supply these at 25s. 6d. per dozen, in lots of 6 dozen and over at 24s. 9d., guaranteeing you the best workmanship, and should be very glad to be favoured with your esteemed order.

I am, Dear Sirs, Yours faithfully,

A. W. ZIMMERMANN.

The statement that, having been made by captured German prisoners—with their hands hardly yet physically cleansed of the blood of women and children—these gimcrack articles "ought to command a certain sale" seems incredible, but the Boche is probably not speaking without practical experience of the support which he and his companions have received from quarters in which more patriotic sentiments would naturally be expected. Not the least deplorable feature of this letter is the evidence it affords that interned enemies may—whilst enjoying free board, lodging, and a liberal grant of money, as well as free postage for business letters, all at the expense of the British taxpayers—carry on trade in competition with honest workmen of native birth, thus endeavouring to take away their livelihood after failing in the attempt to cut their throats. And even now our wounded Tommies, brought from the Front to British hospitals, have to pay postage on the letters they send to their relatives and friends! What other nation in the world would put up with such a state of things?

THE ANTARCTIC BUBBLE.

EXPLORATION WHILE THE EMPIRE STRUGGLES FOR EXISTENCE.

Surely to every Britisher such an expedition as the late Antarctic Bubble—setting out, as it did, after the declaration of war—seems to be not only the height of folly, but the reverse of patriotism. Antarctic Expeditions are gigantic newspaper advertisements, and that is practically all. We say practically, for possibly there may have been discovered some new lichens or mosses; a very little more inaccessible and unnavigable coastline may have been brought to light. For an expedition such as that to have set out *after war had been declared*, knowing that Britain needed *every* single man to answer her call for duty, seems to us very blameworthy. On May 31st, a solitary whaler made its way into Port Stanley and dropped anchor. A bearded figure, with curly hair falling to his shoulders, endeavoured to go immediately on shore. He was stopped by the Customs Officers, but refused to reveal his identity. At length, however, finding matters too warm for him, and possibly afraid of being taken for a German spy, he swore the two officers to secrecy, and thus landed. After a somewhat hurried visit to Government House, he fled to the cable office and sent off a 2,000-word Press telegram. Having waited till about 11 o'clock next morning, he condescended to reveal himself—but not a soul in Stanley seemed to care one scrap! Not a single flag was flown! He sauntered down the front road, just a solitary figure. No one seemed to care a cuss about him. And why? An old kelper remarked, "'E ought ter 'ave been at the war long ago, instead of messing about on icebergs." And that is the general local opinion there. Needless to say, everyone recognises his grit and pluck; it was a stupendous feat of endurance to sail for 16 days in a 20 ft. boat; but yet, as everyone asks, what is the use of it all? Shackleton says he purposes returning South after the war, and proposes to carry the King's Flag across the Antarctic Continent. Well, if he wants to go, let him: but for the honour of the Flag, let it remain at home. Port Stanley will take care of it for him. We don't want either the King's name or our grand old Flag to be the indirect means of boosting the sales of the newspapers, or of helping to fill the pockets of one of the maddest yet pluckiest young men of the twentieth century.

"Everywoman's" is the *best* Woman's paper published.

THE LION ADVANCES.

GETTING HIS TEETH IN!

(A Sequel to our Cartoon of July 8th.)

How the "Fools" scored off the Wise Men!

MY REPLY TO

By THE

MY Right Honourable Friend Winston Churchill is writing four great articles on the war—or four articles on the great war. He should not have done so. True, he has a lucid and picturesque pen. He is also one of the very rare Personalities in public life—one of the few of the Westminster Players who "get over the footlights." But he really must not write about the war. I am quite aware of the fact that by virtue of his past offices—for he has been Under Secretary for the Colonies; President of the Board of Trade; Home Secretary; First Lord of the Admiralty *and* Chancellor of the Duchy, all in ten years—I say I am quite aware of the fact that he must, of necessity, know many things about the inner history of the war which are unknown to "outsiders" like myself. But what's the use of knowing things which you dare not mention—for, by the unwritten law of Political Honour (large capitals for that phrase, please, Mr. Printer!), no ex-Minister of the Crown may ever reveal the secrets of the Cabinet. So we will tick *that* off. Then, too, there is another obstacle in the way—loyalty to old colleagues; and although this is a purely voluntary handicap, Mr. Churchill is just the sort of man to regard it as sacrosanct. We start, therefore, with this proposition—*Q.E.D.*—that he cannot tell us the truth.

A Bad Start.

That, however, is no reason why our distinguished friend should jump off with a series of terrible "bloomers" in the domain of political philosophy. He begins by telling us that "no democratic country with a parliamentary Government can plan and prepare an aggressive war." Apart from the fact that *any* country—democratic or not—can, *if properly informed*, prepare for anything, *given the means*, whoever has at any time suggested that Britain should have prepared for an "aggressive" war? She already owns the best part of the earth, and aggression is absolutely alien to her national policy. But when my Rt. Hon. Friend goes on to say that "it is only with the utmost difficulty that the indispensable measures for *defence* can be obtained," and that "the British Navy was only maintained at its proper strength by annual wrangles"; and that "parliamentary and Party Governments" can at best only "concert the *minimum* defensive precautions"—well, to put it mildly, he is up the Political Pole. Does he seriously suggest that, even misled and misinformed as Parliament was during the ten years preceding the war, there was ever a time when, if the Government had come forward and said the Empire was in danger, the House of Commons would not, by an overwhelming majority, have voted all the money and men for which it was asked? Come, come, my dear Winston—aren't you getting mixed in your terminology? We do not expect such inexactitudes from you! What you mean is that, under a so-called democratic system of Government, there are always a number of feather-brained cranks—*sometimes in the inner circles of the Government itself*—who oppose any and every provision for securing and ensuring the safety of the Empire. But to say that the utterances of these Eccentrics in any way represented either the spirit of the nation, or—with *all* its faults—of Parliament, is simple, downright—hallucination. But, once out of the slips, Mr. Churchill absolutely runs amok. Listen to this: "Only the final results can prove whether *military autocracies* or Parliamentary Governments are more likely to preserve the welfare and safety of great nations." That is to say that the only alternative to the present fraud of Party Government is a "military autocracy"! Has the Rt. Hon. Gentleman never heard of a "*Business* Government"—which means, so far as the defence of the Empire is concerned, a Military head of the Army and a Naval head of the Admiralty? In other words, Chiefs who understand the work of their departments—*and not lawyers?* But this is nothing compared with what follows. With his political vision thus restricted, the ex-Minister actually tells us that when the end of the war comes, "the system of the victors—*whoever they are*—will probably be adopted to a very great extent by the vanquished." I won't pause to comment upon that extraordinary reference to the victors "whoever they are" (I thought *that* point was settled; and, candidly, I don't like such phrases from the pen of the late head of the Navy); but I do want to know whether Mr. Churchill is really serious when he tells us that if Germany is beaten—*if* Germany is beaten, mark you!—she will adopt *our* system of parliamentary Party Government; and that if *we* are beaten—again forgive the words—we shall at once establish a "military autocracy"!

The Cabinet Responsibility.

But it is when Mr. Churchill applies himself to the defence of his Government that he flounders most amazingly. Loyalty to old colleagues may be a virtue, but it does not blend with the requirements of historical accuracy—nor, apparently, is it compatible with literary style. This is how it embarrassed our friend: "It is the fashion," he says, "to write as if the British Government were either entirely unconscious of the approaching danger or that they had a load of secret matters and deep forebodings on their minds." Just so—and, personally, I am quite sure that the former assumption is the correct one. But how does Mr. Churchill dispose of the obvious dilemma? Hold tight, and listen: "Neither of those alternatives, taken separately, was true; *there is a measure of truth in both of them*, taken together." Try and work that out. "Taken separately," the Government were *not* "entirely unconscious of the approaching danger," and they had *not* "a load of secret matters and deep forebodings on their minds." But, taken together, they had both. Apply that formula to the whisky and soda you had last night. "Taken separately," you had neither the whisky nor the soda, but "taken together," you had "a measure of both." After this, it is only natural that "for nearly ten years this duality and discordance were the keynote of British politics," and that "those whose duty it was to watch over the safety of the country lived *simultaneously* in two different worlds of thought." For a Government which has done together two distinct and contradictory things, neither of which it has done separately, can, of course, quite easily be "*simultaneously*" in two different worlds! (A sort of repe-

MR. CHURCHILL.

E EDITOR.

Official Gullibility—A Poor Defence.

tition of my Lord Haldane's "spiritual home" experience!) *That* is why ministers didn't go to the House of Commons and say that war was coming, and "trust the people to make every possible preparation." *Trust the people* to make preparation! What, in the name of Heaven, was *the Government* appointed for? But, had they done so, could they "have presented any convincing evidence . . . would it not have precipitated the realisation of perils still *purely conjectural*, and actually *extremely improbable?*" So, after all, the Government *were* "entirely unconscious" of the danger and had *no* "load of deep forebodings"! Where *are* we getting? Let me see if I can help my friend. Here are a few things which a Business Government could, and would, have done.

What Could Have Been Done.

First, as it watched the passing of the great German Navy Bill in 1900, with its preamble to the effect that Germany meant to have a fleet of such strength that "*even the greatest Naval Power in the world*" would not dare to challenge it, it would have addressed a polite note of inquiry to Berlin as to the exact meaning of those words, asking "Against whom are you building?" *That* question alone would have scotched the Kaiser's fleet. Next, it would have asked the reason for the fortification of Heligoland, which we swopped in 1890 for Zanzibar, on the assurance that the transaction was devoid of either naval or military significance; and we might possibly have demanded its return. Then, the Business Government would have inquired the meaning of those speeches about Germany being determined "to hold the Trident of Neptune in her fist," and of all kinds of other bombastic warlike declarations of the Kaiser. It would quietly have added to the Army instead of reducing it. It would have kept its eye on the gold imports of Germany; it would have prohibited horses being exported from Britain; it would have encouraged the growing of wheat by our farmers; it would have kept a strict watch upon Germans in our midst; *it would have warned France and Russia to be ready*; it would *not* have neglected the Air Service; it would *not* have allowed the head of Krupp's to wander all over our munition works, and docks and harbours; it would *not* have permitted the Kaiser's brother to explore our coast defences—nor the Kaiser himself to inspect the fortifications of Gibraltar; it would not have been bluffed by professions of friendship whilst all the time Germany was perfecting her war plans! All we could do, under the existing Party System, says Mr. Churchill, was "to look after the Fleet," make the best of our little Army, cultivate friendships with France and Russia—avoid provocation—"*and hope for the best*"! Come, my dear Winston, you are not doing yourself justice. Do you remember that chat we had in the House just after you became First Lord of the Admiralty? "I hope," you said, as we parted company, "things are not so black as you think; but rest assured of one thing—whenever trouble comes, *the Fleet will be ready.*" You kept your word—and all honour to you for it. You see, I am more generous than you—for is it worthy of you to explain away blunders like this: "Very wise men, with full knowledge of all the facts, came to the wrong conclusion; *and very foolish men*, giving rein to their prejudices, came to the right conclusion, and are entitled to boast of it for ever." *That* sort of thing, my friend, savours too much of the old Party nonsense; it is smart debating—but most damnable statesmanship. Tell me what "prejudices" Lord Roberts, and others who warned you, had. And where shall we find the "wisdom" of the wise men who, "*knowing all the facts*" came to a wrong conclusion? Shall we look for its monument on the graves of France and Flanders, amongst the ruins of Rheims and Louvain—in the desolated homes of Britain? No, Winston, this is no time for smug self-complacency. A grim and ghastly blunder has been made—and a world-wide, bloody tragedy is the result. So no gibes at Lord Roberts, *please*. Reserve them for the living.

Official Gullibility.

But it is when we come to Mr. Churchill's apologia for the gullibility of his Government that we find our richest field for amazement. After Agadir, the Balkan Conferences and the Kiel Regatta, Germany's "friendly" attitude convinced ministers that all was well—that a better and enduring understanding between the two nations had sprung up! If my distinguished friend will forgive the rodent ejaculation, I would sum up all those events in one word—Rats! The Agadir and *Panther* incident of 1911 was Germany's artful dodge to ascertain whether, if she went to war with France, Britain would take a hand. And when she had found out that we certainly should do so, she just postponed the war for three years; and I was one of "the foolish men" who warned the country against her game. The Balkan Bluff was a commonplace of conversation amongst business men. Why did Bulgaria "rat" upon Russia? Why has Greece been so lukewarm towards the Allies? What influence has kept Roumania "neutral"? Who betrayed Serbia (Oh, yes, I know what I once said about Serbia!) and little Montenegro? And that Kiel Regatta—when "the finest ships of the two navies lay at their moorings side by side," and when "undue curiosity in technical matters was banned by mutual agreement"; when "there were races, there were banquets, there were speeches"—the order of precedence is Mr. Churchill's own!—and "there was sunshine, there was the Emperor." Oh *simplicitas!* Undue curiosity banned! Why, we rigged the Kaiser out in his uniform as a British Admiral, and handed over to him the command of our latest Super-Dreadnought! And he strutted up and down the deck and said that "never before had he felt so much in his element." *Has Mr. Churchill ever seen the secret report of the German Staff upon the result, from a naval and military standpoint, of that visit of our Fleet?*

And doesn't he know that at this very time—when "officers and men fraternised and entertained each other, afloat and ashore," and "strolled arm-in-arm through the hospitable town, or dined with all goodwill in mess and wardroom"—*the German Mobilisation Papers were in course of distribution?*

No, Winston, you were better occupied in impeaching, rather than defending, that pre-war Government.

But you have a pretty pen.

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DAYFIELD BODY SHIELD

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Send one to-day to your Soldier Father, Brother, Husband, Son, or Friend.

Weight 35 ozs.

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Patent applied for No. 5196.

From the Chaplain to the Hull Battalion:—
"Your son is wounded and now in hospital. He is going on all right. Fortunately he was wearing a Dayfield Shield under his tunic, and this, without doubt, saved his life."

Sir Hiram Maxim writes on March 15th, 1916:—
"I am glad to learn that the Dayfield Body Shield which you have been to the expense of bringing out is doing so well in active service."

Worn under tunic. Quite flexible, comfortable to wear. Absolutely proof against bayonet, sword and lance, spent bullets, shrapnel, shell splinters, grenades.

SUPPLIED TO GENERALS, OFFICERS OF ALL RANKS, N.C.O.'S AND MEN.

The Double Shield consists of two Single Shields to protect back and front, joined together by straps with curved metal plates to fit and protect the shoulders.

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Ask to-day for interesting Pamphlet free.

Britain builds the best ships in the World.

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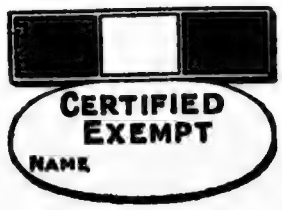
ALLSOPP'S

OUR FREE WAR EXEMPTION BADGES.

MEDAL RIBBONS FOR THE EXEMPTED AND THE UNFIT.

Each week brings us complaints from "unfit" men, and men who for various reasons have been honourably exempted from Service, that they have no Badge or other official recognition to indicate that they are not slackers or shirkers. The result is that they are daily subjected to gibes and insults. This is a state of things which must not be permitted to continue; and as all these men are outside the military control, there can be no objection to the scheme which we have determined upon, and which has for its object the provision of a JOHN BULL Ribbon Medal, as described above. But, as will be seen from the coupon below, every applicant must furnish such particulars as will justify us in allotting him the Badge. By way of a start we propose distributing 10,000 of such Badges absolutely free—except the cost of engraving name. For the present we invite exempted men desirous of participating in our free distribution, to fill up the subjoined coupon. The Badges consist of a beautifully enamelled ribbon in red, white and blue, with a disc attached for the necessary inscription— the above being an exact reproduction of same.



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RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

Fields look like being large at the Second July Meeting. The first day will be over ere these notes are read and that day's results may have their influence on those of the two other days. That is a consideration I am not in a position to allow for, and taking the programmes as they stand, I think that on Wednesday GOLDEN RULE* may win the Swaffham Welter; CLAP GATE the July Handicap; FLAMING FIRE the Zetland Plate; and FARIVALE the Forty-first T.Y.O. Sale Stakes.

To-morrow (Thursday) if the Chesterfield Stakes should be the race chosen for the *début* of MOLLY DESMOND she should win, whilst in her absence I should take WHITE WASH. The Midsummer Stakes are good for KWANG SU. I like QUEEN OF THE SEAS* for the Bury Handicap and RACE ROCK may win the Summer Handicap.

The *Special*, containing full selections for the meeting, is now on sale. The price is 6d., and it may be obtained each Tuesday morning from Messrs. ODHAMS LTD., 93, Long Acre, W.C. Wire orders and inquiries should be addressed to me, c.o. JOHN BULL.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for July 15th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 289,764 and A 318,112. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

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EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

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Names and addresses of senders of correct claims will be published next week.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of July 15th:—

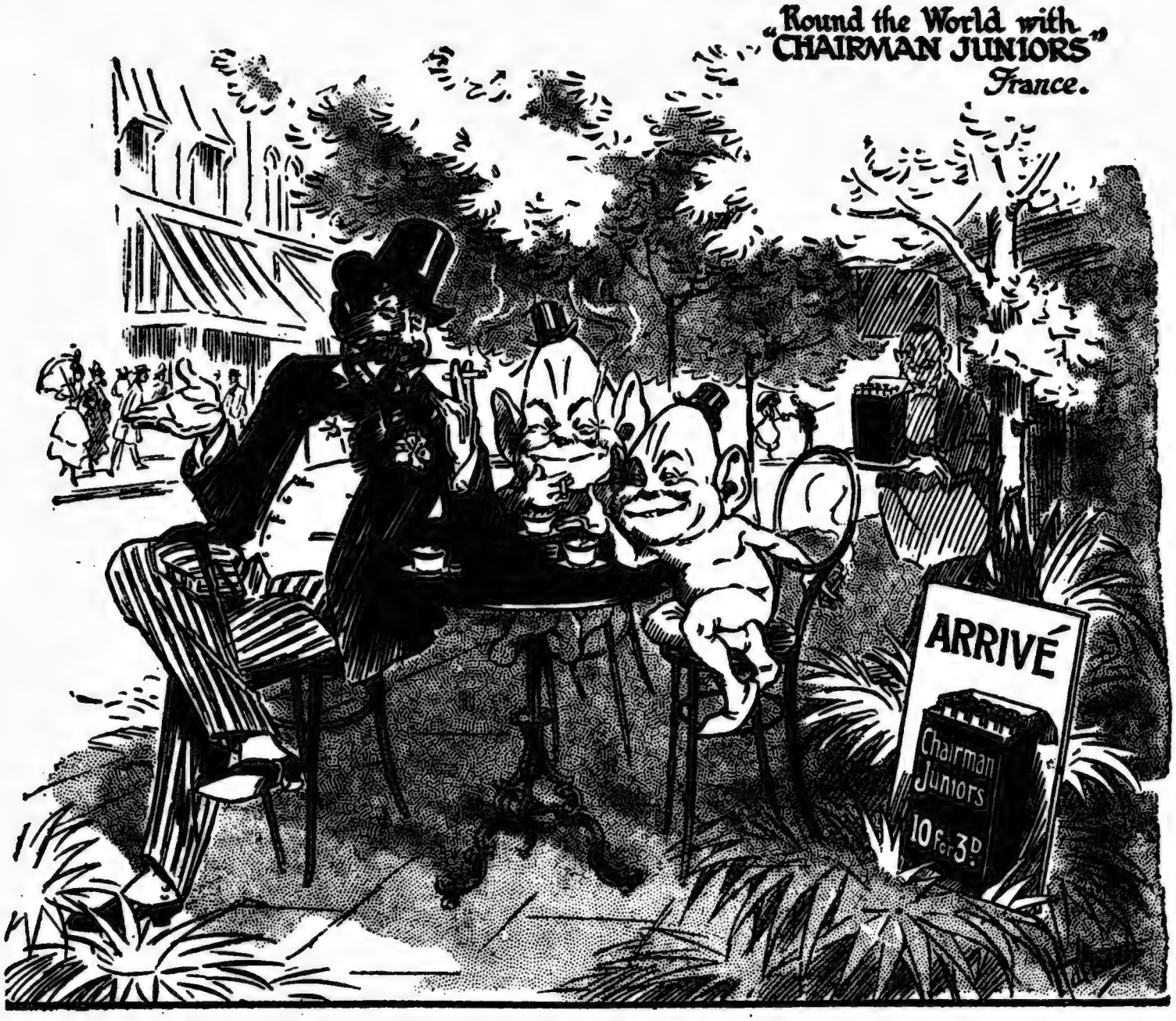
007,698	245,754	534,285	871,993	A148,514
025,309	291,256	572,100	894,180	A170,137
064,716	329,572	610,392	926,504	A189,469
083,962	352,984	634,829	957,839	A224,676
097,438	381,700	693,175	979,087	A261,841
130,523	420,351	721,067	992,465	A283,574
156,152	436,827	778,534	A006,092	A300,628
169,178	458,199	784,976	A038,561	A324,968
174,611	482,964	826,738	A067,147	A356,377
203,567	517,208	842,619	A094,564	A379,924

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published July 26th.)

ANOTHER £5 PAID.

The copy of JOHN BULL dated July 1st and bearing on its cover the number A12116, in respect of which a reward of £5 was offered, has been forwarded to us by Mrs. Rose, "Farana," Brownlow Street, Weymouth, to whom a cheque has accordingly been sent.



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If a smoker of cigarettes, you cannot do better than have Chairman Juniors. The fact that they are in make, quality, aroma and coolness exactly the same as the original Chairman cigarettes is an absolute guarantee of their excellence. In size, however, they are a little smaller to enable them to be sold everywhere at

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THE HIGHEST QUALITY LOW-PRICED TYRE *in the* WORLD

HEADACHES—BILIOUSNESS—CONSTIPATION

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The troubles which may arise from a disordered state of the stomach, liver and bowels are almost without number. On the other hand, there is only *one way* in which to banish them, and that is to restore your stomach and liver to healthy, working order. This you can do most easily and most surely, through the aid of Mother Seigel's Syrup.

The medicinal extracts contained in the Syrup act directly upon the stomach and liver, restoring their lost tone and efficiency. This is the secret of its remarkable success, its world-wide popularity, its fifty years' unequalled reputation. Put it to the test to-day!

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The 2/9 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/3 size

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IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. H. J. TENNANT.

'Ello, sir! 'Ere we are again! I s'pose I oughter congracherlate yer. Larst time you was in 'ere yoo was jest an Under-Secretary, although by the way you torked an' arnsered queschuns in the 'Ouse onnybody would 'ave thort you was understudyin' the Prime Minister's part. . . . Shavin'? Yes-sir. Certn'y. So you're a full-fledged Secretary of State now, sir, though w'y they've made you Secretary for Scotland is a myst'ry to me. I take it you was jest gittin' into yore stride nicely at the Wore Office. It must 'ave done you a bit o' good bein' under Kitchener. I reckon 'e wos lickin' you into shape a treat. You was a bit swanky at first, I thort, but we won't say nuthink about that now. Bein' a sorter relation o' the Prime Minister's, I s'pose you couldn't 'elp it. But if you was makin' good, 'owever slowly, as Under-Secretary for Wore, it do seem a pity to me you should be pitchforked into a new job wot you know nothink about. W'ere's yore qualifications fur runnin'Caledonia stern an' wild? . . . You've *wore a kilt at a fancy dress ball?* Well, sir, if you think thet qualifies you, you git on with it! But I ain't sflore it will satisfy thinkin' Scotchmen. . . . *Not very incouragin'?* I don't meanter be. I'm fed up with this 'ere Party shuffiin' of the Cabinet pack. I was 'opin' the wore 'ad brought some of the Party bosses to their senses, an' show'd them the criminal folly of stickin' Party 'acks in jobs wot they 'aven't never bin trained for. I was 'opin' the Guv'ment was goin' in fur Bizniss at larst. Now, sir, wot *do* you know about Scotland? . . . *Refuse to satisfy my idle curiosity*, do yer? Very well, I'll tell yer. You know jest about as much about Scotland as wot Birrell knew about Ireland. And a pritty mess *'e* made of it. Wot? . . . No, I ain't comparin' Scotland with Ireland. I know Birrell 'ad difficulties wot you won't 'ave to contend with. The Scotch 'ave got too much 'orse sense to make asses of theirselves like wot the Sinn Feiners did. But orl the same, I'll lay a shillin' they'll awsk w'y in the name of Bonnie Dundee you've bin shoved at the 'ead of them. . . . *Wot course would I 'ave followed, in Hasquith's place?* W'y, I'll tell yer. I should 'ave sed to meself, "'Ere's Tennant, a likely young feller, although 'e's a relashun by marriage. 'E ain't done so bad at the Wore Office under Kitchener. I'll give 'im a rise an' keep 'im at 'is job, so as to 'elp Lloy' George w'en 'e goes to W'ite'all. 'E knows wot Kitchener's ideas was. 'E was workin' with 'im to the larst. I ain't agoin' to waste 'is knowledge an' experience by puttin' 'im to suthink fresh wot 'e don't know nuthink about. I'll find a good bizniss man fur Scotland—the sorter man wot ain't afraid to do a deal with a Aberdeen Jew." Thet's wot I should 'ave sed an' done, sir. . . . *A pity I ain't Prime Minister?* Yes, it is, sir, ain't it? Goo'-day, sir, thank you.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE FAMILY BUDGET.

MRS. BILBERRY.—What I says to you, Mrs. Glew, is what I said to my old man this very morning as ever was. What we earns by the sweats of our brows the tradesmen take from us by the skins of our teeth.

MRS. GLEW.—And what did he say to that, my dear?

MRS. BILBERRY: Oh, you know what men are! He only asked me what was the good of making a song about it, said as how as he couldn't help it, and all he could do was to grin and bear it, while I was to pay up and look as big as I could.

MRS. GLEW: The beast! But ain't it like the men? Once they've married you and got you, they ain't hardly polite. I remember when mine——"

MRS. BILBERRY: Yours is as may be. But mine ain't a beast, though rough sometimes in his habits, yet gentle as a lamb when——

SMALL GIRL: Muvver!

MRS. BILBERRY: You be quiet. Can't I hold a conversation with a lady without you putting in your say where it ain't required? What was I talking about, my dear? Oh, I remember. My last word was *lamb*. Lamb, says Mr. Cleaver, our butcher, a very respectable man as goes to church twice every Sunday and to the "Gordon Arms" six times a day—he says lamb is cheap at one-and-four, and he can't do it under. Cheap, mind you, my dear! I call it dear, my dear!

SMALL GIRL: Muvver!

MRS. BILBERRY: You shut up, you Sairey. Settin' there and a-jabbering away, upsetting your mother and another lady. You'll come to a bad end, you will. Mr. Cleaver, our butcher, he wanted me to have scrag-end, but I said No, the best end of the neck of mutton or nothing, that's my motto. And he says, 't'ain't mutton, it's lamb. Lamb! Yes, New Zealand, and froze! And so I up and told him.

MRS. GLEW: I don't blame you my dear. When I——

SMALL GIRL: Muvver!

MRS. BILBERRY: Interrupting again are you? Pushing your talk into what my lady friend was a-saying of? Close your gab, and be a credit to your bringing up. As for sugar, my dear, I consider the price outrageous and the quality scandalous. Look at the lump; there ain't a sparkle in it. And the brown's like treacle, only not so sweet, while the granulated's only fit for bird sand.

MRS. GLEW: Then look at the milk, my dear. The way them prices——

MRS. BILBERRY: *Look* at the milk! Not me, if I can help it. It's a precious sight too dear to look at.

SMALL GIRL: Muvver!

MRS. BILBERRY: If I wasn't your mother and a perfect lady, I'd land you such a oner. I bought tins, my dear, till I found my old man spreading the condensed on his bread and butter——

SMALL GIRL: Muvver!

MRS. BILBERRY: Drat you then, what *is* it?

SMALL GIRL: Only we passed our Burdett Road two stations ago.

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During the cold winter months a diet of very heavy heat-producing foods is necessary, and when the warm weather arrives the system is always loaded with accumulated debris, or carbonaceous waste, which clogs the organs of filtration and elimination. This means constant absorption of poisonous toxins into the blood, because food cannot properly digest under such conditions, just as there could be no proper combustion of coal in a stove with grate clogged with ashes and chimney choked with soot. Toxins always excite the heart, poison the nerves, and deprive the body of disease-resisting power, so you lack energy, or say you have weak nerves from overwork, etc. Rheumatism, backache, headache, blemished complexion, influenza, biliousness, jaundiced liver, or even appendicitis, dropsy, and Bright's disease may result, but the real cause is auto-intoxication, or self-poisoning. With strong, healthy digestive and eliminative organs, and therefore pure rich blood, you could not have such disorders. Try drinking occasionally a teaspoonful of common *alkia saltrates* in a half-tumbler of water and notice how quickly your mind clears, and your whole body becomes absolutely fit, as your liver and kidneys, the system's great filters and blood refiners, begin to function properly again. Our research expert tells me that the refined *alkia saltrates* compound, a few ounces of which can be supplied at small cost by any good chemist, contains the "saltrates," or essential medicinal constituents obtained by evaporation of the waters from several famous natural curative springs.—H.L.K.

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"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

The parents of four soldier sons were both taken to hospital suffering from consumption. The father died a few days ago, and one of the sons was killed in the "big push." Three girls are left to the mercy of the world, and we were glad to come to their help.

During the week we held the usual levées of men discharged from the Service in uniform and without proper papers—which, of course, makes it impossible for them to obtain work. If the responsible regimental officers acted according to Regulations and gave discharged men fair treatment, it would take much pressure off our Fund.

A widow, nearly 70 years of age, has in the Service two sons who, between them, allot her 7s. a week. Most of this goes in the rent of a miserable back room, and the poor creature gets little food. She is now in ill-health, and we have done what we could in the way of affording pecuniary relief.

Since our last issue we have given assistance towards the burial of six persons, all members of soldiers' families. In one case an unfortunate mother had lost three children within six months.

Owing to the prevalence of measles and whooping-cough in many districts, soldiers' wives with children suffering from those maladies find themselves in difficulties and come to us for assistance—which we always render to the limit of our ability.

A naval reserve man was called up, and after being at sea for fifteen months continuously broke down with severe rheumatism and sciatica, necessitating his discharge. He is now helpless in bed, and has a pension of only 10s. a week upon which to keep himself, his wife and four young children. He remembered us, and we took the steps to relieve him which his late messmates would have wished for.

A woman lost her husband during the terrible fighting at Gallipoli. She is ill, and has only a small pension to keep herself and five children. We alleviated her distress.

When the late Lord Kitchener issued his appeal, a man gave up his employment and enlisted. After 19 months' training, he broke down and was discharged. Owing to the muddling of the regimental authorities, he has been unable up to the present to get the money due to him, and in his distress he called upon us for help—which we gave.

The family of another man who joined at the outbreak of war found itself in trouble recently, and the modest home had to be sold up to keep things going. He is now out of the Service, with the usual small pension, and illness has overtaken him. He cannot work to support his young family, and we did for him what was within our power.

A soldier's wife, finding herself in want, obtained a grant from the public multi-million fund, which, of course, she undertook to pay back. When the demand for the refund came, the woman was lying ill in bed and had no money. As is usual in such cases, the authorities applied to the husband's Paymaster, and had the cash stopped out of her allowance. Her distress was very deep, and we were glad to give her help.

We have "set on his feet" yet another man who broke down under the strain of training. He had seven children but no money, and was unable to work.

One of the most poignant cases with which we have ever dealt was brought to our notice last week. Out there where the fighting is fiercest is an infantryman who was one of the first to volunteer. He left behind him a wife and four children. Unfortunately the malady of measles entered the home, and it appears to have been of malignant type. The first message we got told us that two of the children had died, and immediately afterwards we received the intelligence that another had succumbed. It was a staggering blow for the poor woman, whose husband has not yet been informed of his terrible loss. We naturally acted with the utmost promptitude.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WON'T YOU HELP?

"Collection Amazon Telegraph Co.'s Counter, Manaos," 24s.; W. S., 5s.; "Rue," 5s.; B. A. S., 4s.; G. A. L. (Mount Ngwibi), 3rd contribution, £1; H. G. C., 3s.; S. F., 2s. 6d.; "Poor Grimbirian," 3s.; G. D., 5s.; "Margaret," 3s.; "Yorick," 1s.; "Crew of s.s. *Teiresias*," 22s.; G. G. (Catford), 10s.: "Gee-Gee," 4s.; E. S., 5s.; M. R., 2s.; S. L. M., 5s.; C. G. C., 4s. 6d.; "A Sympathiser," 5s.; "Measley Miser," 1s.; "A Wicked Gambler," £1 10s.; "A Poor Invalid," 4s.; E. A., 5s.; L. M., 5s.; G. T. C., 2s. 6d.; N. D., 2s. 6d.; "Weekly Collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal)," 6s. 6d.; J. F. P., 5s.; B. W., 5s.; W. G. R., 6d.; N. C. G., 5s.; A. F., 5s.; M. W., 2s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "Netheravon," 1s.; A. J. W. L., 1s.; N. L. A. (Cardiff), 2s. 6d.; H. B., 6d.; "Officers and Ship's Company, H.M.S. *Seahorse*" (per A. B. N.), £2 3s.; J. R. (Bury), 2s. 6d.; F. M., 6d.; Anon., 6d.: "Gladys and Bessie," 1s. 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "A Coast Watcher," 10s.; G. A., 5s.; M. J., 1 dollar; "Rufus," 5s.; C. K. E., 5s.; "N.," 1s.; "The late Beatrice Jones, Westcliff-on-Sea," £10; J. S. S., 1s.; Pte. W. B., 1s.; W. V., 1s. 6d.; J. T., 6d.; G. W. W., 1s.; "A Welshwoman," 5s.; J. N., 1s. 4d.; "Capet and Prin," 2s.; A. McC., 1s.; L. W., 1s.; G. H., 1s.; "Terry and Harry," 1s.; G. F., 1s.; "Mr. and Mrs. T.," 2s. 6d.

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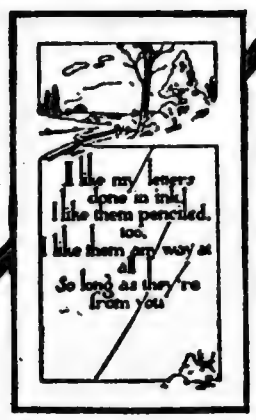

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P.C.R.—1

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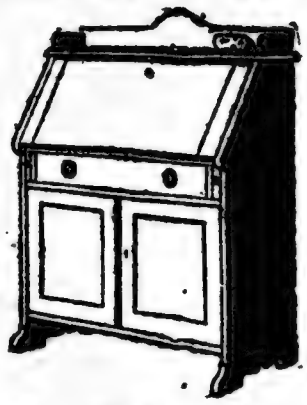

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TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

A Growl from Grimsby.

Will the Commander of the Anti-Aircraft Section at Grimsby inquire into the billeting arrangements made on behalf of his men? He may find that an old lady, who certainly does not over-feed her soldier-guests, constantly brags about her bank balance. Having said so much, we have carried out the wishes of the men behind the gun and the other men who go up into the air like birds.

The Devil's Own.

The men of the Inns of Court O.T.C., at Berkhampsted, do not appear to be getting "most favoured nation" treatment. Though more or less a *corps d'élite*, they are also hungry, and send us a batch of complaints which should be inquired into. The camp appears to be a kind of "Do-the-Boys Hall," and we think the Commanding Officer should take immediate steps to remedy any legitimate grievance.

A Cheerless "Clink."

We do not hanker after a residence in the Detention Quarters of Fort Horsted, near Chatham. To reach these "cribbed, cabined and confined" apartments it is necessary to walk down three flights of twenty-eight steps each, along a pitch-black passage, and up another 28-step flight. The prison is ill-ventilated, depending for air upon some rifle loop-holes. The unfortunate soldiers in durance vile have to eat their food on the floor, and get no exercise beyond an occasional tramp along the dark passage. Fort Clarence is little, if anything, better. The conditions and the treatment of the men are so bad that healthy soldiers who go in sometimes come out physical wrecks.

The Sailors' "Fire-Sticks."

We should like to know the exact amount of profit made by the sale of matches in the Patients' Canteen at Haslar. We would also inquire who authorises the charge of one shilling a dozen for boxes of the safety variety. In another part of the same hospital these matches are sold—but not to patients—at ninepence a dozen. After all, threepence is threepence—especially to the sick sailor.

The Mark of the Hero.

The War Council has been good enough to listen to the clamour of the soldiers' friends and to grant a thin gold line to distinguish the man who has been out and got wounded. So far, so good; but we must go one better. We must grant a badge to every man who has served and returned to civil life, whether he did only home service or active service at the front. Unfortunately the only indication carried by many of the poor fellows consists of a hank of bootlaces—or, in the case of the more fortunate ones, a tray containing shirt-studs, sleeve-links, etc. Officially, the down and out soldier is regarded as the squeezed lemon, for whom there is no further use. But the public love Tommy, and want to see him get his rights. The Mandarins of Whitehall cannot see beyond their office doors, and know nothing about grievances which cause grumbling, socialism and grave discontent.

The End of a Soldier.

Down on the coast a few days ago the remains of a man who was sent home from the front invalided were laid to rest. The funeral party consisted of one N.C.O. and four men. They had to wait at the graveside until the Vicar turned up, and after the shortest of services the body was lowered in a partly-stained deal coffin, the name-plate being a portion of an old biscuit tin. There was no ceremony, no firing party, and no Last Post. Thus we put our heroes away.

On Behalf of the Scientific Corps.

The officers of the Royal Engineers at the School of Mounted Duties at Aldershot, make a well-founded complaint concerning their financial treatment. They are placed in empty houses, and use their own camp kit for sleeping purposes, etc., the cost of their rations amounting to about eight shillings a day. This means a great hardship to the lower ranks. The billeting people appear to be making hay while the sun shines, and by the time the war is over there should not be a person within ten miles of Aldershot unable to boast of a fat banking account.

Inspection Up-to-Date.

A regiment of dashing Hussars was inspected the other day "Somewhere in England." The General rode on to the ground and asked some elementary questions, such as "How long is a horse?" and "How much corn should a horse eat per day?" This brain-racking business over, the Colonel suggested that he should exercise the regiment to show its efficiency. The General replied, "For heaven's sake, no! Sections right, and take them home. I have seen enough of them now." We hope he was in time for luncheon.

The Hour has Struck.

We never could understand why some units, raised immediately after the outbreak of hostilities, have been kept training and over-training here, while these picked up a few weeks ago are being sent to the front. For a long time we have been receiving letters from men tired of rusting in this way, asking us to use our influence to have regiments and batteries ordered out for active service—but, of course, that is a matter beyond our power. We now give a word of cheer to our correspondents. They will, in all probability, see fighting in the very near future. And when they go we wish them luck.

The Cornstalks are Barred.

Who at Abbey Wood Camp is responsible for the order, "No Australians are allowed in this Camp"? We know that our brave bushmen, taken as a whole, are not exactly Cambridge 'Varsity men; we know that they sometimes take the bit in their teeth and "go large." We also know that in the native quarter in Cairo some marks of their handiwork may be seen—but that is a secret! They are wonderful soldiers, and as fine men as any officer would wish to lead. The Australians have many friends on Bostall Heath who, too, are greatly incensed at the Camp order, which should be cancelled at once.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:—

Pte. R. Dunn, 6560, C Co., 2nd Buffs; Gr. H. J. Crowther, 55510, S Battery, R.H.A.; Pte. W. Pellett, 15080, 10th Batt., 19th Yorks Rgt.; Pte. D. Tennant, 20244, B Co., 1st S. Staffs; Rfn. E. Cheel, 2486, A Co., 1st Manchester; Pte. J. Metcalfe, 14652, C Co., 12th West Yorks; Pte. W. F. Clease, A Double Co., 1/4 Somerset L.I.; Pte. A. Horne, 11508, 6th Border Rgt.; Rfn. W. Hicks, 3167, 12th London Rgt.; C.Q.M.S. J. S. Barcroft, 8948, B Co., 9th West Yorks; L.-Cpl. J. W. Poulter, 4711, 10th Yorks and Lancasters.

A straight talk to all Skin Sufferers

To be thoroughly and permanently cured you must use Antexema. To try anything else is to waste time and money, and then, when you are disappointed and exasperated by your failure to get cured, you will be compelled to get Antexema, the skin-cure that never fails. This famous remedy is not an ointment, but a creamy, non-greasy liquid which does not soil the garments and is invisible on the skin. It was the discovery of a West-End physician many years ago, and every bottle is skilfully prepared in our own laboratory from his original prescription.

Antexema is all British.

Doctors use Antexema in their own practice, nurses recommend it, and peer and peasant alike praise it. This famous British remedy succeeds after everything else has utterly failed, and every skin sufferer is therefore strongly advised to get a bottle at once. The very first time you use it you will be convinced of its marvellous healing power, and however terrible your irritation or burning pain, your discomfort will be ended the moment you apply Antexema. Continue using it, and you will soon be cured, and when cured by Antexema you are cured to stay cured. However severe your skin illness, use Antexema, which always succeeds. Unequalled for baby skin troubles, bad hands, bad legs, eczema, insect bites, pimples, rashes, and every irritated, chafed or tender skin condition.

Start your cure to-day.

Don't delay another minute. Delay will enable your skin trouble to tighten its grip upon you and result in unnecessary discomfort, disfigurement and humiliation. Wherever you are you can obtain Antexema, but remember it must be Antexema. Get anything else and you will fail to get rid of your skin trouble.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis & Burrows, at 1s. 3d. and 3s. per bottle, or direct, post free, in plain wrapper, 1s. 6d. and 3s., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

J. D. S. (Mortlake).—We note that on the recent "Flag" Day it cost £1,905 to collect £4,759 for smokes for wounded "Tommies." From our own "Greatest of These" Fund not a penny is deducted for "expenses," of which we gladly shoulder the whole burden.

"VERITAS" (Herne Bay).—The Prime Minister's "unconscious nod" may have indicated agreement, or sleepiness, or he may only have been scratching his neck with his collar. Not knowing which, can't say.

H. W. M. (Battersea).—The boys at the Front are saying, "God help any German whom we find at home when we get there," and the boys at the Front will have the girls at their back.

J. W. O. (Bradford).—You were quite right. The Declaration of London was never ratified by Parliament, and therefore there was no necessity for the Privy Council to "abrogate" it.

T. A. S. (Alberta).—If we had withdrawn from the Ypres salient to please Sir Sam Hughes, we should have disgusted the splendid Canadian troops and taken the heart out of thousands more of our gallant lads at the Front. The British advance has made Sam look silly.

R. H. H. (Ealing).—Sorry you did not like Miss Corelli's article, but thousands did. Perhaps you read it on an empty stomach.

"A DISGUSTED ENGLISHWOMAN" (Lancaster).—We are not disposed to examine the racial antecedents of a British soldier who has been decorated for conspicuous bravery in the field, nor do we see why you should have wanted to "wreak your vengeance" by making a dirty mess on the good man's photograph.

T. C. (National Liberal Club).—For all your alleged arguments, we have no fancy for bread baked by subjects of Wilhelm the Poisoner.

"ENGLISHMAN."—You ought not to begrudge the Colonial troops their especial guerdon of praise. The brave fellows are our "guests," and courtesy is the wine of hospitality.

"HIGHLAND LADDIE" (Lanarkshire).—Not quite up to publication standard yet; but in predicting the early political extinction of Herr von Snowden, you range yourself on the side of prophetic genius.

M. B. (Leicester).—Sorry to hear your hubby has a weakness for "supporting various hotels"; but, from all we hear, Salisbury Plain, to which you would consign him, is not quite the Desert of Sahara.

"ONE OF THEY WHO SPEAK."—Nothing was farther from our intentions than to attack the chaplains at the Front. Your love for the khaki parsons has made you as touchy as a bag of fleas.

"A SON OF THE EMPIRE" (Jamaica).—We have all along been in favour of the more extensive military employment of the native subjects of the Empire, but are afraid that your pale poetry is unlikely to accomplish what our prose has failed to achieve.

"ANTI-BARBED WIRE" (Sunderland).—Fear there would be strong objections to your proposal to set interned aliens to work in coal mines, although in a certain sense we are inclined to agree that some of them would be safer "underground."

"A MILLIONTH" (Wavertree).—We gather that we have not quite come up to your expectations in the past, but you are kind enough to believe that we possess "all the attributes which go to make a true Statesman." Such high encouragement does not arrive by every mail.

R. G. B. (London, W.C.)—If the facts were as you relate them, the 'bus-conductor who refused to stop for a wounded soldier, and threw his rifle into the street, was not, as you justly observe, "a true British patri*arch*," but a shabby cur who ought to have been well kicked.

"A VICAR'S DAUGHTER."—Your letter breathes a fine spirit of patriotism, and although, by the caprice of Nature, "the inestimable gift of manhood" has been denied you, you may yet find your vocation in mothering worthy sons.

"A LIVERPOOL J.P."—Mr. Justice Darling shares our hostility to the antiquated Lord's Day Observance Act. Not a bad judge, either!

W. A. (Parkstone).—Knowing what we do, we can quite understand how you, "a good all-round man in a machine shop," are unable to obtain work on munitions. Now, had you been foreign correspondent at a fried-fish shop——

"A DISGUSTED HOUSEWIFE."—Do not know why the Government does not pass a law forbidding the slaughter of lambs—but, if that scrag of mutton appears again to-morrow night, we shall consider our premeditated crime justifiable homicide.

G. M. (Southend).—"A nation which has not been actively engaged in the war shall under no circumstances be allowed representation at the Peace Conference. Allies' journals, please copy." But Wilson the Proud wants to take the chair.

S. C. S. (London).—We think your suggestion that Freemasons as a body are pro-German, far too sweeping.

G. M. A. (Glasgow).—Heartfelt sympathies go out to a Scotsman obliged to travel from the extreme north of Scotland to Glasgow without wetting his whistle, owing to the restrictions. But when you *did* get one—*ah!*

"THE INTERPRETER OF MYSTERY."—When you write a letter exulting over Lord Kitchener's death, you are either a crazy lunatic or the most cowardly skunk in the country. Take your choice. No wonder you are ashamed of your name and address.

"ONE WHO KNOWS" (Sussex).—Paying agricultural labourers 12s. a week surely accounts for a declining birth-rate in your part of the country. Half-a-dozen kiddies would never get fat on that.

J. E. (Tooting).—The Hidden Hand is a hand that always works overtime.

H. S. (London, W.).—At a hospital for wounded, concrete-workers struck because of the employment of a non-Union plasterer, who had been to the Front and returned wounded. The strikers deserve to qualify for hospital—and then have all the doctors and nurses strike against attending them.

"A READER" (Scotland).—We have a representative at the Vatican now because the enemies have theirs there. Must not leave them an open field.

E. S. (R.G.A., France).—So the Kaiser "met his broken army, Who had cannoned off the cush; They told him he was up against A great big push." A rugged poem, but redolent of sweet truth.

C. W. (Westminster).—Dear us, how awkwardly you spell the gentleman's name—"Lord Hundane of Cologne"! Haldane of *Cloan*, you know. The other place is only part of his "spiritual" residence.

"HARD HIT."—A soldier's wife, with 13s. 2d. left to provide for your four children and self, after paying rent, coal, gas, etc., no wonder you jump when circulars are pushed through your letter-box urging you to economise and invest in War Loan!

"COAL" (Cardiff) and **MANY OTHERS.**—We are much hampered in our inquiries regarding people suspected to be alien enemies at large, by reason of the fact that the police refuse inspection of the Register. We therefore think your best course is to communicate with Colonel Alan Sykes, M.P., at the House of Commons, who—with Sir Louis Dane—has recently been officially appointed to investigate such matters.

R. F. (H.M.S. ———) and **B. B.** (Portsmouth) send us samples of notepaper sold locally in boxes bearing the flags of the Allies and the motto "For Honour and Right." On holding a sheet to the light, the water-mark is seen to be "Deutsche Bank, Berlin. London Agency." They are, naturally, horrified—but, however incongruous the wording on the box, the contents probably formed part of the stock of the leading German financial institution, no longer required by reason of the enforced restriction of its operations.

What Readers Say.

3, Brackley Street, Runcorn.
22/6/1916.

This is the eighth Pen I have purchased from you for myself and friends, and I can assure you they hav giv n entire satisfaction; in fact, they surpass two others for which I paid 10s. 6d. and 15s.

W. GERRARD.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. July 22, 1916.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

J. S. (Hertford), seeing our previous reference to the falling off in the number of matches in a box, sends us one containing 24—the scantiness being rendered less obvious by the supply of three false bottoms to the box. Next, please!

A. O. S. (Brighton).—If we do not publish your article, you will "never reckon us a friend of the boys at the Front." With our eyes skinned to the sockets, we take the fell risk.

R. W. T. (Stockport).—The Dean of Manchester is evidently suffering from "Vinocephalus," which, being interpreted, means "beer on the brain."

M.D., J.P. (Westminster).—As a medico and a magistrate you take our fancy, and your son's fine tribute to the memory of Lord Kitchener stamps him as a stiff chip of a stout old block.

J. M. asks: "Why are the Sinn Feiners better fighters than the Allies?"—and tells us the answer is: "Because they took Birrellin (Berlin)." Pish!

"BROTHER BOB" (Great Crosby).—We have your screed, from which we deduce that you once said "Damn" to a policeman. "Peace hath its heroes no less renowned than war."

"DISGUSTED" (Talbot Road).—Over the "ineptitude and crass stupidity of our rulers" we mingle our tears with your own, but when you go on to say that "Britain is the laughing-stock of the world," we decline to follow you.

"A SAILOR-SOLDIER."—Talk about the declining birth-rate becomes piffle when you say your wife presented you with twins in May and you have not yet received your maternity benefit. Truly have you "done your duty to your country in more senses than one." Wet the babies' heads with us!

G. T. (Buckingham Palace Road).—At "a pub in the Strand" you were given whisky "of a milky colour." In the neighbouring thoroughfare of Fleet Street, a discerning public are immune from such shameless imposture. *Verb. sap.*

"POETESS" (Leamington).—"Letter charades" are right off our beat, but the news that the sale of your lines produced £12 odd for the Belgian Fund fills us with joyous surprise.

MR. R. E. FOSTER (Grocery Stores, Newark).—Glad you have capped your fine "Bullets" record of a second prize, two at £5 and one at £2 10s., by gaining a "first" of £250. Try, try, try again. It pays.

"SCOTTY" (Glasgow).—When you send your name and address we will deal with your letter.

"ANXIOUS PEG" (Cambridge).—If the Commanding Officer refuses to part with you, you cannot be transferred as an instructor to the New Armies. Your shilling has been added to our Fund.

B. B.—Women fruit-pickers were promised ½d per lb., but the farmer laughed at them and paid only ¼d. You were right to leave, but it is revolting to find loyal women treated so disgracefully.

MR. AND MRS. L. (Stockwell).—The verses do credit to the heart of your soldier son, who composed them. Unfortunately we have no room.

W. B. (Homerton).—Many will agree that £2,000 a year is enough for anybody, statesman, bishop, or what-not. The ones who disagree are the ones who get more.

L. S. (Hambrook).—David slew his enemy with the jaw-bone of an ass. Were he alive to-day, he would not go short of ammunition.

"NUTTY" (The Buffs).—The soldier, "fresh from the slaughter-house, having been through hell, is mad with joy to know that he is home again, and only the lad who sticks to his gun without a murmur can realise what he has gone through, and may yet go through again. He takes a tonic—and if he gets drunk, you despise him for it." We don't, but some prigs do. You, "Nutty"—only 16, and wounded—are a fine lad to stick up for your splendid comrades so stoutly.

"PIMPLE."—You spoil Byron's metre, but do not annoy us, when you write:—"But the biggest asses of all Are those that read JOHN BULL." Millions of them, sonny. Sooner be a live ass than a nasty pimple.

MRS. F.—"Water is full of metal, but in a watery substance; I can show you how to draw steel from water." But that's easy, if the water isn't deep, and if you throw the steel in first.

"CHOPBACK" (Hastings).—A halfpenny post card sent for fun to Hugh McKean, asking for particulars, has cost that "astute" Yankee 8½d. He will forward his "literature" to anybody who enjoys a joke.

F. H. (Goswell Road).—Discharged wounded, but still young and strong, you "want to get married; *both* are fond of children." But you cannot yet provide a home. A gallant attack on the falling birth-rate is held up for lack of State support.

H. (High Holborn) has forwarded us a little battered gold locket, picked up in Fleet Street, containing a photo of a Tommy. Any reader who has lost such an article, please write with particulars.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

Back to Britain

THIS is the day of Imperial Preference. It is the day of recognition. The cry is "Back to Britain" because, for honest value, British goods cannot be beaten.

Tennent's Lager is Britain's best. It is made in a world-famous Brewery under ideal conditions by men of enormous experience, and it worthily upholds the best traditions of British Trade.

TENNENT'S LAGER BEER

Beer at its Best.

Between your smokes just try a piece of WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM. It cleans your palate, soothes your tongue, prevents throat parch, and adds 50 per cent. to the enjoyment of good tobacco. All smokers ought to get acquainted with WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM.

It has become the National sweetmeat, Soldiers, Sailors, War Workers (men and women) all finding it not only delicious, but wholesome and refreshing, too, and it lasts a long time.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT **CHEWING GUM.**

Flavoured with the juice of fresh gathered mint leaves.

½d. bar—5 bars 2½d.—40 bars 1/6

Millions of bars sold daily. Of all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Chemists, and all branches Boots Cash Chemists, or direct from—

WRIGLEY'S LTD. LAMBETH PALACE ROAD, S.E.

AT THE SEASIDE

A "BULLETS" HOLIDAY PRIZE WILL PAY YOUR EXPENSES.

2ND. Prize £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

3RD. Prize £10

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

10 WEEK-END PRIZES OF £2:10/-

☞ **Two more Coupons for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.**

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 27th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(198) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 198, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 27th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(198) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 199. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, AUGUST 3rd.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **199** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. 199, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 199.

A WELCOME ADVANCE	GERMAN INVENTIONS	FATHER'S FAILING	TOMMY'S DREAM
MAKING HISTORY	ON THE TRAMP	DREADS THE FIRE	WHAT SWEETHEARTS LIKE
BRITAIN'S NEW ARMY	VERY SILLY TO	ATTRACTS THE GIRLS	NOBODY WANTS
TERRIBLE RECKONING	SEASIDE ENGAGEMENT	WORRYING THE KAISER	AMUSING THE BABY
A WARM RECEPTION	I WONDER WHY	GIVES GENERAL SATISFACTION	TROUBLE IN STORE

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 198.

WHEN BRITISH ATTACK
SETTLING SCORES
COUNTING THE COST
OUR MILKMAN
GERMAN SUBMARINES
TO MAKE A FORTUNE
WE ALL ENJOY
LOSING HEART
HOME TRUTHS
THE ANZACS
MOST GIRLS LIKE
GETTING LIVELY
A HOLIDAY PRIZE
SECOND THOUGHTS
WHEN TIDE TURNS
SEASIDE APARTMENTS
FACING THE MUSIC
TOMMY'S HONEYMOON
AN AWKWARD QUESTION
WHEN LOVE IS BLIND
CHEEKY BOY
SLOW TO PART
NOT WORTH LISTENING TO
GIVING PLEASURE
SOMETHING WRONG WHEN
MAKING HAY
IN GREAT DEMAND
SWEET STUFF
NOTHING TO PAY
SURPRISING THE KAISER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—
IN GREAT DEMAND.
Bullet:—
THEN THE PRICE RISES.
Example:—
SOMETHING WRONG WHEN.
Bullet:—
TOMMY LOSES APPETITE.
Example:—
MAKING HAY.
Bullet:—
ARMY CONTRACTORS.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated August 12th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "EVERYWOMAN'S," dated July 22nd.

RESULT OF 195TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £250:—

Private J. KEADY, G/1503, A.O.C., c/o D.D.O.S. Hdqrs., 1st Army, B.E.F., France.
Example:—AMATEUR ACTORS.
Bullet:—NOW PLAYING "THE MAN."

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. J. R. SUMMERS, 49, Wellington Road, Portsmouth.
Example:—BEFORE THE WAR.
Bullet:—FAR LESS "RUSHING" ABOUT.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:—

Mr. ALFRED WRAY, 88, Leathwaite Rd., Clapham Common, London, S.W.
Example:—MY WIFE'S TONGUE.
Bullet:—PLEASANT—"FAR FROM IT."

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. G. MACHIN, 11, Kirby St., Norton Rd., Stockton-on-Tees: ADMIRAL JELLICOE—RIGHT "JACK IN OFFICE."
Mrs. A. E. DUBBIN, Hersham Road, Walton-on-Thames: THE AUSTRIAN ARMY—LOSING "SIDE" NOW.
Mr. A. MASKELL, 16, Vine Cottage, Prittlewell Path, Southend: FILLING THE GAPS—FEW LATCHKEYS PEACE NIGHT.
Mr. J. COLSON, 4, Willis Road, Erith, Kent: GERMANY'S PEACE TALK—MAKES SHIPPING SHAREHOLDERS ANXIOUS.
Mr. W. C. WAKEMAN, 13, Amersham Road, New Cross, S.E.: ADMIRAL JELLICOE—"SUBJECT" WORTH ANOTHER "COLUMN."
Mr. B. POWELL, 7, Cornet St., Hr. Broughton, Manchester: TAKING IN LODGERS—GREECE THINKS BAD "INVESTMENT."
Mr. J. GAWLER, 64, Bath Street, Abingdon, Berks: THE RIGHT SORT—HELPS, THEN GIVES ADVICE.
Mr. E. BENGE, 30, Chandos Street, Bedford: COMING FAST—INSTALMENT SYSTEM'S DUE DATES.
Mrs. J. A. LIDDELL, Dundarroch St., Larbert, Stirlingshire: PRICE OF MEAT—ROBBERY THERE'S NO "DENYING."
Mr. P. J. BROOKS, 16, Nichol's Sq., Hackney Rd., N.E.: FILLING THE GAPS—BRITISH LION'S "NEW TEETH."

10 WEEK-END PRIZES of £2 10s. EACH:

631, Pioneer A. J. THOMAS, Signal Section R.E., 19, Northcote Street, Roath, Cardiff: PRICE OF MEAT—MAKES BERLIN CONSTABULARY CHARGE.
Mr. F. J. R. CUSHING, 207, High Street, West Bromwich: RUNNING SHORT—WAR PESSIMISTS, OF ARGUMENTS.
Mr. J. RUSSELL, 2, Rectory Cottages, Cranbrook, Kent: A GREAT TRIAL—LIFE—JUDGING FLUNKEY'S EXPRESSION.
Mr. W. TALBOT, 22, Horace Rd., Forest Gate, London, E.: COMING FAST—PEACE, BUT NOT PLENTY.
Mr A. H. SCOTT, 45, Headland Park, Plymouth: ASKING TOO MUCH—COSTER—OF DONKEY, SUNDAYS.
Mr. A. EASTWOOD, 18, Hopefield Street, Bolton: COMING FAST—TRENCHES AS TOURIST RESORTS.
Mr. T. DUNCAN, 11, Prince's St., Londonderry, Ireland: BEFORE THE WAR—WE "TOOK IN" EVERYTHING.
Mr. J. R. WHITTLESAY, Admiral's Office, H.M.S. "Iron Duke," G.P.O.: TURKISH BATH—THROUGH DODGING "ROSE GIRLS."
Mr. J. CUMBERLAND, 475, Dumbarton Rd., Partick, Glasgow: COMING FAST—IDEAS, AFTER FINISHING SPEECH.
Mr. A. LAWSON, Ivy Cottage, Bewdley: COMING FAST—LANGUAGE—FROM UNDERNEATH MOTOR.

YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, July 27th.
Example .....
Bullet .....
Example .....
Bullet .....
(198) P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.
Signed .....
Address .....
If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 198, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, July 27th.
Example .....
Bullet .....
Example .....
Bullet .....
(198) P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.
Signed .....
Address .....
If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our insurance is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of **£200**

Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ... **£100**

Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding **£350**

Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to **£25**

Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to **£10**

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

July 22nd, 1916.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*) July 22nd, 1916

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....
Newsagent of.....
.....
and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....
Address .....
Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address .....
.....

FOR STOMACH & BOWEL

INDIGESTION

THE ONLY CURE IS CICFA.

LEARN HERE WHY IT DOES CURE.

Indigestion—even in its worst stages—can be cured.

There are three mistakes usually made by sufferers from Indigestion in their endeavour to obtain relief.

(1) They starve themselves.
(2) They take Pepsine Mixtures.
(3) They take Purgatives.

Nothing could be more unwise or useless.

Starvation is no good.—If the digestive organs have forgotten how to perform their natural functions, you will not mend matters by giving them nothing to do. What they want is work and nourishment, not idleness.

Pepsine Mixtures are no good, for this reason. Only one quarter of the food is digested in the Stomach, the rest is digested in the Bowel. Pepsine digests food in the Stomach but not in the Bowel. It can, therefore, give no relief in Bowel Indigestion.

PURGATIVES give temporary relief only to increase the trouble, especially Flatulence, afterwards.

Dr. C. says: "NINETEEN out of every twenty cases of Constipation are due to Bowel Indigestion, but not One in twenty persons knows it."

Purgatives do not digest food, they simply expel it, and the Bowel depends more and more upon artificial assistance.

GASES in Stomach or eructations
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN
TONGUE coated white all over
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of Nose Spots & Pimples
EATING not desired. Vomiting occasionally
PAINS darting through Chest & Burning Spot between Shoulder Blades
Do you know CICFA is the only remedy which cures BOTH STOMACH INDIGESTION with its HEARTBURN, PALPITATION etc.
AND BOWEL INDIGESTION with its ACIDITY, FLATULENCE, CONSTIPATION etc.
GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES
ACID in the Blood, causing (a) Teeth on edge, (b) Gout, (c) Rheumatism
TONGUE coated yellow at back
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty
EATING disliked or loathed. Biliousness and bad taste in mouth
PAINS in Bowels. Griping and CONSTIPATION with all its misery

WHAT, THEN, CURES INDIGESTION?

Clearly it must be something that will supply what Nature needs to digest the food in the Stomach, and also the food in the Bowel.

Only one remedy on the market will do this, and that is the wonderful scientific remedy **CICFA.** There is a Reason for this statement. It is this. NO OTHER remedy contains the wonderful Digestive Ferments which are found in **CICFA,** and without which it is impossible to cure either Stomach or Bowel Indigestion.

There are two kinds of Indigestion,

INDIGESTION in the STOMACH
INDIGESTION in the BOWEL.

STOMACH INDIGESTION occurs when, through lack of Digestive Ferments with Acid Gastric Juice, digestion of the food is delayed so that fermentation begins. In a short time the food becomes foul. Hence the formation of gases and acrid acids which irritate the nerves and often cause Heartburn; the gases cause stomach pressure, Heart Palpitation, Neuralgic Headaches, Vomiting, and a Burning Spot behind the left shoulder blade, so that many often fancy they have Heart Disease.

BOWEL INDIGESTION.—Three-quarters of the food is digested in the Bowel. Food when undigested in the Bowel ferments and becomes foul, producing gases and unnatural acids; the gases cause Flatulence, Bloating, and Pressure. Impurities are absorbed into the blood and carried to every part of the system, producing foul breath, coated tongue, heaviness of the head, biliousness, loss of appetite, and depression.

CICFA supplies the wonderful Digestive Ferments by which the natural working of the little cells of the thousands of Digestive Glands is restored. Those glands so improve that natural Digestion of all the food in both Stomach and Bowel soon takes the place of Indigestion.

Lce.-Cpl. W. G., of Hounslow, writes:—

"I now take the opportunity of writing you these few lines as I think it is my duty to do so. I have been a sufferer for about 16 years with different Stomach complaints, principally through being in India. I have suffered terrible agony about every three or four weeks. I think I have been to about a dozen hospitals, and I have also had a severe operation at one of them, but nothing did me any good. I could not sleep, and my wife has had to stay up night after night attending to me. I almost gave myself up as being incurable when a friend recommended me to try Cicfa, so I thought I would try a bottle. I have now taken two bottles, 3s. ones, and the first bottle gave me instant relief. I can now sit down to my meals in comfort, and I am sure of a good night's sleep. To tell you the truth I think they are wonderful. I shall recommend them to all I know. Wishing you success."

Mr. G., of Kentish Town Road, London, writes: "I tried Cicfa primarily for Constipation, and it is certainly the best remedy I have ever used for this complaint, and the only one which does not cause any discomfort whatever."

Change of food when travelling or taking Holidays causes Constipation. Most persons imagine this is due to the Liver. THEY ARE WRONG. The trouble is Bowel Indigestion. Commence taking CICFA when leaving home for your Holidays. Then there will be perfect digestion, no Constipation, and you will be able to enjoy every moment.

Get CICFA from your chemist, or post free from us,

Price 1/3 and 3/-, or

TEST IT ABSOLUTELY FREE

Send your Name and Address with this Coupon and 1d. stamp for postage and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful Cicfa. Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample.

CICFA CURES INDIGESTION CONSTIPATION FLATULENCE ACIDITY

THE CICFA COY.,
8a, DUKE ST., MANCHESTER SQ., LONDON, W.

"JOHN BULL" 22/7/16.

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